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# "WE TALK TOO FAST"

## letter from the editor

I came down off my mountain retreat and back into Portland after only three days. My trip had not felt like a long time but after only a few hours of being back, it felt like I had been gone for a lifetime. The time spent up in North-eastern Washington was defined by sanctuary. I lived in a tent in front of my friend's cabin, got my water from the nearby river, and walked endlessly through the dry forests of the Colville Indian Reservation. I was trying as hard as possible to escape telephones, electricity, and the general constraints that modern civilization imposes on the human race. I figured that when I returned to Portland that I would be struck by a new vision, that would simply confirm to me the human dependence on unnecessary things. This occurred, but I noticed something greater and more profound, that ended up making me reevaluate the language I have used my entire life; I noticed just how fast we talk.

There was not a sound up in Washington. If a car happen to be traveling the road almost 5 miles away, it would have the strength to rumble the valley. A car passing through felt like an earthquake. Besides that, the only sound would be the smooth trickling of a nearby creek. As I went to bed at night, I would listen, for anything basically, and I wouldn't hear a thing. Just last night as I was trying to sleep, I was able to pick out nearly a dozen unnatural sounds, they slowly started to pick my brain apart and made it hard for me to sleep. So when I returned from Washington and tried to engage in a conversation with my Mother, I was dampened by confusion. I hesitantly asked her to slow down. In the following weeks I would carefully listen to people talk, and noticed for the first time, we say so many words but rarely do they have meaning.

In the Navajo tradition, the tribe would settle issues by sitting around a Talking Stick. Only the

man who held the Stick could speak. Each member of the tribe would have to articulate their point, and convey it precisely to the group. Never using an excess of words. This promoted silence, and only the wise, articulated thoughts would be said. In the mid 1800's, when the Navajo children would soon be admitted into white schools, they were perceived as idiots because when they were asked to speak in class, and in their tradition, they only spoke when it was necessary. This confused whites because it has always been in our tradition to use as many words as possible to hopefully get our point across.

So what's the point? We live in a white culture, so the use of many words is tradition. It seems to me that we just have a hard time communicating so we use as much as possible to hit the bullseye. Its like playing darts, whites choose to

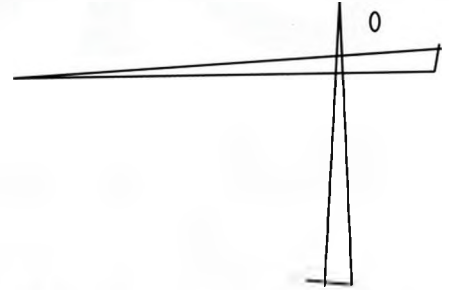
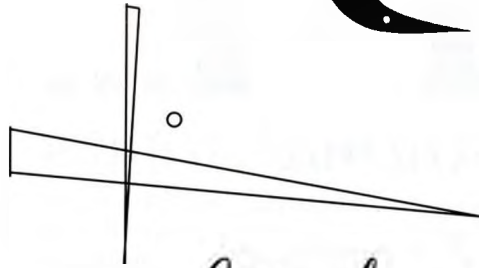
use hundreds of darts in hopes of potentially hitting the bullseye, while the Navahos trained well with only a few. And they spoke for the vitality of the tribes most cherished assets.

I see new faces at this school everyday, and hear anonymous voices say that there is nothing to complain about. Well, my friends, I have a few surprises, there is something to complain about. As noted in my last letter, unless more popular support is provided for our schools publications, then *Savant* will become a remnant of a forgotten school. Don't let this happen. Speak articulately about one of our schools most cherished assets. And realize its vitality relies not only on the staffs articulated time and patience, but yours as well.

John Dougherty  
*Savant* Editor



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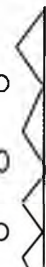
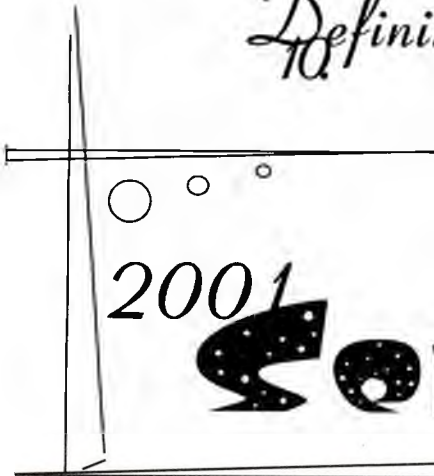
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# the DREAM...

## *a comment on animal rights*

by Devon Downeysmith

Last night I had a dream that I was sleeping in a strange room where everything was completely unfamiliar. In my dream, I was awakened by an exotic animal who jumped onto my bed, then dove under the covers and began clinging to my feet. I could see that it was shaking even though it was under the covers, apparently more scared than cold. I reached down and picked it up, holding it in my arms. Turning a light on, I realized that this animal was a monkey and that once I held him, he stopped shaking. As he burrowed his head into my armpit, I spoke to him soothingly like my mom does to me when I'm sick. I rubbed his

back the way one would stroke the back of a small child who is upset, and as I did so I noticed that the monkey had scrapes and cuts all over his body. There were also holes where tubes had been stuck in his arms and legs. I brought his face close to mine and saw that his left eye was lazy and slow, and very red. He looked at me with intelligence and character, and even though I could not understand what his quiet cooing sounds meant, I could read his thoughts and he could read mine.

He told me that he was the subject of endless laboratory experiments, and that "they" had finally killed him. I was so puzzled;

who would want to do that to this beautiful creature? He pointed to a door and told me that here is where he had been locked up, that he couldn't remember anymore where home was because he had been separated from it for so long, but he knew home wasn't supposed to be there, behind that door. I got out of the bed and walked to the door, and when I opened it I was horrified. It was just like all of the terrible pictures of laboratories I had ever seen rolled into one. Many animals languished in cages that lined the walls as far as the eye could see. Many were screaming their lungs out while banging on the bars and pacing back and forth. They had crazy, deranged looks on their faces that showed that the only way they had been able to survive was by not being fully in their minds. Many had made the choice to simply mentally and emotionally vacate their bodies. These had blank looks on their faces. All carried the marks of a lifetime of agony; cuts and slits in their bodies from pointless experimentation and torture. While evidence has mounted in recent years that modalities other than laboratory experiments on live non-human animals would offer far more accurate scientific results than these barbaric practices, these poor creatures had spent their lives waiting alone together in these cages, until someone came back to hurt them again. They had no advocate, no one to plead their case.

In one instant, I felt all of their pain stab me in the heart. Their never-ending longing to be free from misery, their desire to live a life

without cages and without this torment. I slammed shut the door and turned away from it, only to look back and see the monkey still on my bed, shaking once again. Without words, he spoke to me again, and told me that the only freedom he had ever known was when he was taken to a sterile, stainless steel table and finally sliced too deep for him to survive.

In that moment, I became thankful for all of the things I have taken for granted every day of my life until now. Feeling the earth beneath my feet; enjoying the spaciousness and freedom of where I live; inhaling deeply of the fresh air I breathe. Difficult to believe perhaps, but many in this world are without even these simple luxuries. We rarely think to be thankful of them because it seems they are parts of life that should just be given and not earned. Which, of course, is true. Every being should expect to inherit the gifts of creation freely imparted to all by Spirit, regardless of merit.

When I awakened from the dream outside the dream, I was startled at how clearly the message had been given to me. Was it "only" a dream, or did I on some level meet the spirit of some poor animal who had indeed spent his life as the subject of inhumane tortures in a laboratory? His presence was so powerful, I fancy to think that that indeed I did encounter the life force of another sentient being. The message I try to share with others about animals is not an easy one to understand. It is a message that not only requires the opening of the mind, but an opening of the



heart and the spirit. Many of the people I have tried to discuss these matters with seem afraid to let go because if they do, they will see and feel the overwhelming pain and loneliness of thousands of their fellow creatures; animals with lives of their own who have died voiceless and without help. Awareness of their existence may be forever lost, and they will have died seemingly without purpose other than to offer their lives in an attempt to awaken us from our common nightmare that we are the sole arbiters of all life on earth. While

ing creatures who have as much right to be here as we do, even though many of them have been on this earth far longer than humans have existed. But somehow, we think we have domination over all other creatures merely because we know how to control and kill them and because they can't defend themselves.

Many think that there are vast differences between humans and non-human animals, but once one becomes willing to look into their eyes, to truly see them and to make a connection with them, to

.....  
 "the simple words 'thank you for your body, thank you for giving your life to keep me warm in the cold winter with your fur, thank you for your flesh so I will not go hungry' never seem to cross our minds..."  
 .....

at first glance, mine might seem a far-fetched opinion, minds might change if we all stopped for a moment to take a long, hard, difficult look at what goes on around us every day in countless animal death camps spread across the planet. I have done this, and it has changed me forever. I have seen films of animals beaten to the ground, electrocuted, burned to death, their throats slit, skinned while fully conscious, animals buried alive, tossed in rivers, trapped and bludgeoned for their fur coats, forced to live in confinement their entire existence. Somehow, we manage to block these realities out of our minds as we wear the skins and furs of our fellow creatures, as we eat their bodies, or as we use them in a number of bizarre ways for our entertainment. Even when we choose to use animals as a resource, the simple words "thank you for your body, thank you for giving your life to keep me warm in the cold winter with your fur, thank you for your flesh so I will not go hungry" never seem to cross our minds, much less our lips. This is because many humans don't think of animals as thinking, feel-

become riveted by their piercing gaze, to see at last a look so full of grief and feeling, a look we think is so exclusively human. I could laugh at this folly were it not so tragic, but I am too sad to cry. To consider that most of us cannot comprehend that animals live a full, deep, rich range of experience, including joy, and, thanks in large part to us, suffering.

I would like to awaken from this terrible dream, but I cannot. For, I am at last truly awake, and the responsibilities of reality call out to me, the cries of countless creatures who ask me to help others awaken to every creature's right to lead lives on their own terms. Humans are not gods, these voices tell me, and when we lack compassion for others, in the end, we wound ourselves, because all life is connected.

# Ficboob

Here's the premise; David Sikking asked each of his Language Arts students to write a complete and entertaining short story which incorporates the use of character, setting, conflict and resolution. All using 55 words or less.

## ***A Girl's First Time***

by Jessica Carbella

She nervously walked into his room and laid down.

He gazed into her eyes and asked, "Ready?"

He sat beside her and snapped his rubber.

"Open wider" he whispered.

When he was finished she sat up, sighed and said, "WOW! My teeth feel so clean."

## ***Fifty-Five Fiction***

by Karen Van Raden

Pete opened the front door, confronted with darkness both behind and in front of him. Two whispered voices floated to his ears from somewhere in the room. His heart jumped to his throat, he sucked in a breath.

Something clattered to the floor. More, harsh whispers. He jumped and reached for the light switch. "Surprise!"

## ***The Tragic Loss***

by Erik Iverson

"Dear God!" Cried out the hysterical man. "How could this have happened?" He wept bitterly.

"Why God why?" He cried out.

"You were the most important thing in my life!" He screamed as he tried to find his lost winning lottery ticket.

## ***Irresistible***

by Crystal Larsen

You are so good looking just sitting there  
 All by yourself  
 So lonely and neglected  
 I don't understand  
 All hot and steamy  
 That I can hardly resist the sight of you  
 I want you so bad  
 Why doesn't anyone else  
 Well; Ok,  
 If they're not going to eat you  
 Then I should eat you myself

## ***Plants***

by Tyler Bland

My plants don't hate me.  
 Perhaps they have difficulty understanding why I don't water them, or put them in sunlight or take care of them in general. But they don't hate me.

At least that's what I thought until I found the gun in Roger's pot.

## ***Wrong Date***

by Jennifer Schulte

Sally answered the phone and a voice asked "would you go out with me tonight?"

"Yes" answered Sally. Bill said "I'll pick you up at eight."

They hung up the phone and Sally got ready.

Bill rang the door bell, Sally opened it and Bill asked "Is your sister ready?"

## ***Reality 101***

by Jenny Mosbacher

The day was exhausting. I had met with the counselor, sent applications, and attached my state scores to the forms.

I flopped on my sofa when the fax began to screech. I tore off the reply and stared speechlessly.



A bond levy was passed last November to give Beaverton schools more money. Arts & Communications Magnet High School was one of the recipients, pretty much as if our school's great-grandfather died and even though we never really knew him, he gave us a bucket load of money. And now it's our job to spend, spend, spend as much as we can.

Within the first stages, the district was thinking about remodeling our fair school. There are plenty of issues with this old school that should be dealt with if they wish to continue housing children here: we eat in half of a hanger, our water has the strong after-taste of lead, and it seems that the internal temperature is extremely dependent on whether or not it's cold outside. They were also not thinking about building a new video department and a new ceramics studio. With all the problems that need to be fixed, the district decided it would be less expensive if we were to build a new school.

As if some art school deity were shining down upon us, Portland Community College Rock Creek acquired a bond levy at nearly the same time as us. Bill Christopher, executive dean at PCC, spoke with Yvonne Katz, Beaverton superintendent, about merging our quaint little school with their somewhat more ominous establishment and build the new building on their land.

The district, whimsical ideas fluttering around their heads, were reminded of North Carolina School of the Arts, a school that carries students from their middle school years all the way through college. The district believed that our school would be a perfect model for that type of school in our part of the country.

The new school, which is as of yet unnamed (may I suggest the Adam Taylor Memorial Art Institute?), will carry students from grade six to fourteen, guiding them later through a four-year college. While they are attending the institution at Rock Creek, students will be encouraged to take classes at PCC at no extra cost to receive prerequisite college credits. Once they have completed their high school career, they will be allowed to transfer to Portland State University for college.

Starting next year, as most of you probably know, our school will begin this transformation with the enrollment of sixty hopeful eighth graders. These eighth graders will later become the second senior class of the new (Adam Taylor Memorial Art Institute) school. And from next year onward,

all applicants accepted for our school will really have no interest in our school, but in the new one.

Current students, as you know seeing as you probably are one, have mixed feelings about the move and the new eighth graders. A consensus, voiced to me by Katrina Bennett, 11, is that "I know I should be supportive, but I don't feel that way." Perhaps it's only me that thinks this, but the maturity level of our school is rapidly declining as the years go on. Students and staff alike are afraid that this level will only lower itself even more after this next year. Bennett also voiced that "I already experienced middle school once, I don't want to have to do it again." Norma Blomquist, counseling secretary, even has some concerns. She believes that the age gap is going to be too big.

However, the district has looked

much either. "I haven't gotten enough of a chance to see the school [to have much of an opinion]," Tapper says.

I never saw this school in its glory years. I have met a few of the passing legends - the Manuel Hernandezes, the Ardy Fatehis, the Stephen Bunzas. I have heard the stories - how the staff lounge was once the student lounge, how exhibitions were fantastic epics that most students actually enjoyed and cared about. I have enjoyed this school for what it has been for me.

But things are changing, and they always will be. There is not anything we can do to restore Kevin Bennett or Ike Sanderson. The world, along with our school, is changing, and I say why not embrace it. Sure, things will be weird next year and probably all the following years. I do not think



photography by Adam Taylor

at other schools where this has worked, such as the North Carolina School of the Arts. It has worked marvelously, in fact. In northwest Portland, Pacific Crest is the perfect example of a middle/high school that does work and has worked well for years. They too have 6-12 grades and have developed a strong enough community amongst each other that there is no real difference between any of them -- they all just go to the same school.

I spoke with Annie Tapper, 9, who will be a member of the first senior class at the new Art Institute in 2004. When I asked her if leaving this school her senior year would be a large problem, she told me that even though she'd like to graduate here, it will work out just as well at another school. The eighth graders next year don't bother her

that you can say that last year is better than this year, or this year is going to be better than next year. Each year is going to be different. There may be aspects that we do not like as much, but there are always going to be good classes, there are always going to be at least a handful of good students, this place will always be much better than Beaverton or Sunset or South Ridge. And next year, when people so much younger surround you, remember that. Even if this school isn't what it used to be, it is still a great thing - it is still a lot better than "traditional high-school." And I will be screaming that as I walk down the aisle to receive my diploma next June. I am proud of this school. And I believe it will be just as good if not better at its new location.

# Look to the Sky School: She'll never Be the Same



# A HAPPY

## Little Fairy Tale



by Ashley Nelson

Colin was excited. More excited than he had ever been in his whole life. His innards squirmed when he thought of the world shaking news. It was even bigger than the time he ate three desserts in one night, or when he rode down the big kid slide. He had lost his first tooth.

According to his mom (who knew everything in the world) if he left that little white tooth under his pillow the tooth fairy would take it. In the morning, in place of his tooth would be some fairy treasure left behind by the tooth fairy. For Colin that treasure was beyond imagination. He continuously asked his mommy about the tooth fairy, like what she looked like, what sort of

treasure she left, and why she wanted the teeth.

"She wants the teeth to build morning with your tooth fairy treasure," whispered his mom sweetly, kissing him on the forehead before closing the door.

Despite his will to stay awake and see the tooth fairy, sleep won the battle, and Colin was now dreaming of the pretty lady giving him wonderful gifts and candy.

Outside his window a bluish light shone, going straight through the glass. Perched on the end of Colin's bed was the tooth fairy, smiling at Colin. She held a rusted crowbar.

Walking across the bed's length in tiny fairy steps she ap-

proached Colin. The tooth fairy tried to reach under the pillow to snatch his tooth, but Colin was leaning too hard.

CLANK! Colin woke up, thinking his cat had just scratched him in the arm. Then he thought he was dreaming. It looked like one of his WWF wrestling dolls was wearing a bikini, holding a crowbar. Except the doll was moving, making a rude finger gesture at him, shaking the crowbar in his face.

"Hey you, Fatso. Budge up so I can get the tooth under your pillow." The fairy's face was mean, ugly. Nothing like the pretty lady his mom had described. Reaching under the pillow, the tooth fairy re-"This is it? You mean I flew ALL the way here for THIS?!!? You call THIS a tooth? I guess I'll have take more some more." She advanced on Colin, holding the crowbar in ready position.

Colin was terrified. This four inch thing was coming closer. She rudely forced his mouth open, and suddenly Colin felt something crack and tasted blood. The fairy held a bloody version of his first tooth in her hand, looking only

slightly satisfied.

"Still not enough. I think one more will do it." Another crack in his mouth. More blood. Colin was beyond screaming. He was petrified as he watched the fairy shove his three teeth into a dirty leather bag, and begin to leave.

"Wait," Colin whispered. "what about my fairy treasure?" The fairy turned around and stared at him.

"What kind of bull\*\*\*\* are you trying to pull? I'm the only one who gets any treasure, so I have no idea what kind of crap they're feeding you at home. See ya later little squealer. See ya when you lose another tooth." With that she left.

The next day Colin began therapy sessions after ranting and raving about some evil fairy. His mother was worried and decided to go get professional help.

It has been over thirty years since that day, and Colin still remembered the fairy. He has also developed a very close relationship with his psychologist. He tells Colin everyday that the tooth fairy doesn't exist. But what does he know?

*It looked like one of his WWF wrestling dolls was wearing a bikini, holding a crowbar.*



by Devon Downeysmith

# Finding the Heart

The rain beat down relentlessly as we peered through the windows of Rebecca's foggy car window looking for the Coliseum. Once we found it, we parked in a nearby garage and walked through the morning mist. We were early. The doors didn't open until 10:30 AM, but we didn't mind. Walking over to the nearby Red Lion Inn where we sought coffee and warmth, I looked up at the drizzle and down at the wet streets, glossy with rain. I knew it was going to be a wonderful day. It seemed so unreal; I couldn't believe that we were going to be in the same room with the 14th Dalai Lama himself.

Once inside the restaurant, Rebecca asked me what I would ask the Dalai Lama if I could ask him anything. I knew that this Youth Summit was centered around the theme of violence and how to end it, so I began to think about a question concerning that subject. The evening before, I had watched 60 Minutes, the CBS News Magazine. Timothy McVeigh, the Oklahoma City bomber was the topic for the entire hour. The interviewer asked some of the survivors and family members of the bombing if they forgave Timothy McVeigh. Out of ten or so people, only two raised their hands. I felt sadness for them, because I know that it must be painful to carry around that much anger and resentment and not allow yourself to let it go. But at the same time, how would you forgive that person? I can't imagine how difficult it must be to forgive someone who maliciously committed an act of violence that injured or killed someone I love. This became the basis for my question for His Holiness: When a person commits an act of violence that seems unforgivable, how do you find it within yourself to forgive that person and let go of the anger and hatred that you feel for them?

I doubted that I would get to ask His Holiness this question. But having that opportunity

turned out to be one of the many good surprises that occurred that day. Once we finished our coffee, we walked back the Coliseum and checked in. First we played a very odd icebreaker game, during which we were asked very personal questions,



Sacred sand mandala created by Buddhist monks in honor of the Dalai Lama.  
photo by Loise Botterill

such as, "Have you ever had suicidal thoughts?; Are you the son or daughter of a deceased parent?; Do you know someone who does drugs or is an alcoholic?." We were then asked to stand if any of these questions applied to us. At first I didn't understand the nature of this game, but came to understand that it's easier to meet someone for the first time if you know you have something very personal in common with them.

Oregon Governor Kitzhaber's wife addressed us for about five minutes, telling us what an honor it was that we were getting to meet His Holiness. Next came lunch, and after that we were handed a sheet with three different questions which were something along the lines of, "If you could tell the Dalai Lama your experience with violence, what would you tell him? If you could tell the Dalai Lama your experience with peace, compassion, and kindness what would you tell him?; If you could ask the Dalai Lama any question, what would you ask him?"

I filled out the questionnaire, concentrating mostly on what I would ask him if I could ask him anything. This is where I wrote down the question that I thought of at the Red Lion Inn. Next, we separated into groups of fifty. We read our answers aloud, and

and elation. His presence was amazing, peaceful, powerful.

His Holiness sat down in a chair at the middle of the stage and looked at us all. Then he chuckled and told us how happy he was to be there. His laugh was so joyous and sweet, I don't think I have ever heard anyone laugh so freely. It was hard for me to believe that he felt honored to be there. I had assumed that he would feel we should be honored to be in his presence, not the other way around. It was then that I realized that I was in the presence of a truly great man, a man of true humility.

He spoke for a few minutes about his own childhood, and how he used to be very short tempered. He told us the story of a time when he was younger and was trying to fix his watch. The watch was not working despite his efforts, and he became so frustrated that he began banging the watch and breaking it even more. This made everyone laugh, because it seemed so un-Dalai Lama like.

Then he asked for the first question. I don't remember how many people went before me; I think it was two. I looked around the room at the other kids and saw that many of them had tears in their eyes. One girl in particular was extremely touched by His Holiness, and she wept openly.

When it was my turn to ask my question, I kept telling myself not to cry and lose it up there. I was successful, but I couldn't help feeling shocked as His Holiness looked intensely at me while I asked my question. Once I was finished, his interpreter helped him understand what I had said, and then he responded. He said that first, the only way to end violence is to live a life of non-violence. Secondly, he said that there is the familiar expression to "forgive and forget" but that is not good advice. In order to truly forgive, he said, you must never forget, because forgiveness is a lifelong process. It is only when you look back after many years and evaluate the

chose the answers that we liked the most from amongst the members of our groups. I didn't speak up until the third question, at which point I shared what I would like to ask the Dalai Lama. I didn't expect much of a response, but surprisingly everyone in my group seemed to like my question best. In the end, it was chosen, and the next thing I know I was getting ready to ask the Dalai Lama my question.

As the time for the arrival of His Holiness neared, I was ushered to the front row along with three other teens who were also asking also questions. Along with us four, there were four other teenagers who were going to be sharing with the Dalai Lama their personal experiences with violence. First we practiced our questions in front of the crowd. Everyone was composed and calm. A few minutes later, two Secret Service looking men came in and stood on each side of the stage. A few Tibetan monks walked through the doors, along with the Dalai Lama himself. At once I took my hand and grasped my heart in shock



situation that you can truly learn how to forgive, because forgiveness is often very difficult. I hung onto his every word of wisdom, and tried to let it sink in so that I would never forget it.

Next a girl named Rebecca was scheduled to address His Holiness. She was to share her personal experience with violence. She told him that she is a Native American who has been made fun of her entire life for not being white. This caused her to become very depressed, and the depression caused her to become physically ill. Before she could finish, she burst into tears. The Dalai Lama immediately opened his arms and asked to her come to the stage. She was crying and very upset, and he hugged her and put her head on his shoulder, right above his heart. He mumbled sweet and comforting words in Tibetan, and hugged her until she stopped crying. That was when many others, including myself, lost their composure. Who could not cry at that? It was one of the sweetest moments of compassion I have ever witnessed.

When Rebecca sat down, the Dalai Lama briefly addressed the subject of racism. He simply said that it is ridiculous, and makes no sense. He said that we are all the same, no matter what. I looked around the room once more and saw that even the police officers and security guards seemed touched by his words, as were the teenagers and chaperones at the Youth Summit.

After a few more teenagers asked him questions, it was time for him to leave. I was prepared for the wondrous experience to end, when someone told all the kids who asked their questions to go the front of the room. There I was told that I was going to ask my question again in front of 9,000 people at the Coliseum. I was shocked and very nervous. The 200 kids and myself were ushered to the dark Coliseum, where everyone else was seated and watching a documentary on the Dalai Lama's life. We had awesome floor seats, reserved especially for us, right up front. This time, I was told, I was going to be asking the first question.

The Governor's wife gave a brief address to the crowd, and

then the Dalai Lama came out from backstage. He had a bag with him, and asked us if we wanted to know what was in it. He pulled out some piece of candy and chuckled. That great Dalai Lama chuckle. When it was time for me to ask my question, I approached the microphone and asked him. I was very nervous, so I am guessing that I spoke a little too fast. He looked confused to be asked the same question again, but his answer was nearly the same, this time touching more on how to prevent violence than on how to forgive it.

After a few more questions, he spoke about what it means to be a good person. He talked about how much of what we are is determined before we are born, because a baby who is born to a mother that has a calm mind and peaceful disposition is healthier than a baby whose mother is not. He talked about the importance of education, making a good life for yourself, and helping others. One of the things that he said to me which stands out most in my heart was that when you help others, you are really helping yourself because all life is connected. This touched me a great deal, because that is one of my own personal philosophies.

When it was over, he once again said how happy he was to have spoken with us. When it was time for me to go, I felt like a different person. His words had touched me so deeply and I felt so honored to have been there, that the experience really fueled me to continue doing those things that are important to me, such as environmentalism, animal activism, and helping others.

Even just meeting someone I admire has inspired me in many ways. During the course of taking Publications at ACHS, I have had the opportunity to meet two of my heroes, Julia Butterfly Hill and the Dalai Lama. My advice to anyone who is looking for a way to become inspired and awakened from the routines of everyday life is to find the person who inspires you and try to learn from them as much as you can. Because one of the greatest gifts we can give back is sharing what we learn from life with

those who are hungry for knowledge. Julia Butterfly Hill and the Dalai Lama have taught me the importance of giving back what we take from this earth, making it our life's mission to better the planet and all who live on it, and choosing kindness and compassion over hatred, greed and ignorance. Just imagine what embracing the philosophies of your hero can teach you.



# The Defining Arch

by Marian J. Lucas and Shanyelle King

If your eyes are the windows to your soul then your eyebrows are the \$250,000 Gucci curtains surrounding them, or in some peoples' case, the fifty-cent chartreuse shag carpeting you're mom's been saving since the 70's. Now this article's not promoting a new breed of deeply rooted insecurity it's been around for some time. Back in Ancient Egypt when Cleopatra wasn't busy shaping history, she was shaping her eyebrows. The styles have ranged from shaved and painted to bushy and au natural in the Victorian Era. That's back when people didn't bathe and you don't want people to know that about you. So we've got some tips to help you at least look like you've got good hygiene habits, and a guide to determining what eyebrows say about your personality.

Now there are variations, but to help your minds understand the complex world of eyebrows we've been forced to resort to one of mankind's best tools- the stereotype. You know like, all geisha's put cheese on their curly fries. For the purposes of this section, we're not even gonna mention ungroomed heathen eyebrows. Instead we're going to take you into the physically fit world of tweezed brows.

## Over the Rainbow:

This styled brow, worn by the timeless (and thanks to plastic surgery and good lighting) ageless artist Cher, is your basic umbrella brow. Not a personal favorite of ours, but for those with a sharp jawline and facial features it can be very flattering.

## The Streaker:

Don't let this drawing fool you. When a sharp brow like this is applied to a face with attitude it looks awesome. It's not right for every face or personality (if you're trying to be sweet and conservative, this wouldn't be my pick), but if you're daring and have the hairs to work with, you've got a sexy brow that says, "Move outta my way ----"

## The Sophisticate:

This brows says to us, "I'm trying too hard." A perfect accessory to goopy makeup, the person with this brow lives in a house with white carpeting and steals post-it notes from the post office. Okay so we're slightly biased, but come on! It's just nasty!

## The Soft Curve:

A gentle little stroke with a thick base ending in a small tail, this works perfect for a person with naturally straight-across eyebrows. Let's face it, this one just makes any face look sweeter, like the delicate rustling of diapers in an old folks home.

## The Money Maker:

It's sleek, it's got curves in all the right places, and a little bit that the wight, it doesn't hurt to enjoy the bounty it goin' on! This n it's good! (Like with the little drop of butta' on the t



Using our keen Teen Magazine-motivated fashion sense combined with a little of Ms. Tateoka style intuitive skills, we've managed to critique some of C.E. Mason's finer home grown eyebrows.

**Ozzibrow:** Katie Osborn is the proud owner of these naturally perfect, adorable eyebrows. They're charming! (And that's not a word we throw around everyday). They show some playfulness with dignity. (Thanks for the 5 bucks Katie \*wink wink)

**Tabby King:** These are the casual and cool brows of the school. Another girl blessed with good facial hair genes, Tabbita's eyebrows reveal a witty, powerful, smooth look. Too bad she's such a loser (um.. just kidding.. he he heh.)

**The Water Brow:** Ms. Bennett's curvy brows say this, and this alone: Googley eyed and majestic like Kermit the frog playing Henry III. Who doesn't want eyebrows that make a statement like that?

**Daly:** Now, Mary Claire Daly doesn't go to our school anymore, but we were looking through the yearbook and her brows were so darned cute we just had to throw them in here. They have that they-look-natural-but-you-know-they're-not appeal, and they're unique. Yeah-hay!



# Shaping Secrets

*The pencil trick is the fail-safe technique for finding your best arch.*

1.



Hold a pencil along the side of your nose, perpendicular to your eyebrow. Where brow and pencil meet is where your eyebrow should begin.

2.



Use the pencil to find where the perfect arch should start. Ideally, your brow should follow the curve of the eye, with the arch hitting its highest point slightly to the outside of the iris. Slant your pencil from the center of your mouth, past the edge of your nose, to the outside corner of your iris. Your arch should be where the inside edge of the pencil meets the brow.

3.



To determine where you brow should stop, place your pencil again at the center of your mouth and slant it to the outside of your eye.

## 1. *Before you start*

Everybody's gonna need your basic eyebrow plucking tweezers to get you going, but it helps to have the following:

- a) An eyebrow brush to get your hairs to go the way you want them to.
- b) Nail scissors for people with long hairs
- c) Clear gloss or hairspray to hold your shape
- d) Eyebrow powder or pencils to fill it in (powder looks more natural)



## 2. *Finding that hidden beauty: outlining and erasing*

Once you've determined the right shape for your brows (if you need some pointers, refer to our previous sections), use either an eyebrow pencil or a small, flat-bristled brush dipped in brow powder to fill them in. Then take a concealer stick or a white eye liner pencil and "erase" the extra hairs--those that don't fall within the outline. Now, and I know this part is going to be scary but you must do it anyway, look at your reflection and judge what you've done. It might take a few tries until you find the right shape--that's why this step is so important for the shaping novice--trial and error with out disastrous results.

## 3. *Time to pluck*



Now before you even consider touching your face with the tweezers, read this--THIS MAY BE PAINFUL! The best time to pluck is after showering--your pores and hair follicles are open due to the steam. (I know, showers are scary, but take your rubber ducky and a bar of soap and wash off that grime!) Then grasp the hairs firmly with the tweezers and pull quickly, otherwise you'll end up with a stubbly effect. Pull the hairs out one at a time to prevent creating gaps. (Besides, when you try to pull them out all at once it hurts like a yellow monkey... although I know some of you like those primates.) Go get 'em, girl!





# Do NOT TRY THIS AT HOME

**“Gurl, you know what? When I see somethin' ugly, I say, ‘You ugly!’ and you know what? Yo brows is ugly! They ugly!”**

If you’ve ever considered shaving off your eyebrows and penciling them in each day then look at this. That’s right, every morning you take a shower (hopefully) wash your face and look in the mirror... at your bald, orangoutan face.



## No brows



Ugly, thick, overfilled eyebrows. Sound good to you? Well that’s ‘cause you’re a moron. Word from da’ wise-don’t do it.

## Fat brows



The infamous unibrow. We’ve all seen it. We know they exist. Please, please, just don’t do it.

## Unibrow

Well, you’ll never have to pluck again and you won’t have to worry about shaving either because nobody’s going to love you... hehe...uh just kidding. ;o)



## Tattooed Brows

All right now Mr. Flashy Pants, we’ve told you what’s wrong with your ugly mug, so go out and fix it already! If you don’t, it’s an insult to us, our children, and our children’s children. People are talking about you and pointing. They are laughing at you! Hear that? Do you? Why I believe it’s the fashion police coming to get your ugly butt, so move em’ on up! Pluck those brows! And fix me a turkey pot pie, woman.

by Megan Kindree

College... For many of us it represents a chance to finally get away from our parents, party and maybe learn something about ourselves and what we want to do with the rest of our lives. Before all that though, we have to get into a college. A process that seems harder sometimes than actually being there. One look at those 10 page applications, with required essays on what you've spent every last minute of every summer since you got out of elementary school doing. The inevitable 20 spaces where you must write your full name; as well as what you prefer to be called, what your uncle Bob calls you and any pet names your parents have for you; and it's easy to see how some-

one could be scared off before they even begin. If, like me, you are a senior trying to navigate your way through all the paperwork that will eventually determine your fate for the next four or possibly more years, I feel your pain. All my life I've been ready to start making college decisions, or at least that's what I assumed. I had this crazy idea that I would just have to graduate high school and somehow I would be magically placed in a college that was perfect for me and I would succeed past my wildest dreams there. That's not exactly how it works. It wasn't until I had to start making these decisions, at the beginning of this year, that I realized I had been fooling myself for a good number of years.

So that all of you may be able to escape some of the insanity I've recently experienced, I've made this easy step-by-step list for getting into college. Keep in mind it's not proven effective yet (acceptance letters are mailed until March or April), but perhaps with these simple hints, you too can fool yourself into thinking that the college application process is easy.

**1. Take your SAT's.** Sure they're not the best experience, but unfortunately they are rather important in the "getting-in" process. I just recently took part in the grueling event. Close to five hours of filling in bubbles and trying to get comfortable in one of those attached-to-desk contraptions. What a great way to spend a Saturday afternoon. If you're looking for a similar test that measures your test abilities a little differently in a slightly altered environment, try the ACT's. Most colleges will accept them with the same consideration they give SAT scores. (And remember, if you screw up the first time, you can always take them again!)

**2. Start researching colleges.** Don't rule anything out at first. Look at everything and anything that interests you. This is the time to seriously consider that college in Hawaii or the overseas experience in Europe you've always wanted. Don't take into account tuition fees or how far away it is from home yet. Go online, look through all that college mail you're bound

to have been getting in the mail every day, maybe even consider venturing into that corner of the counseling office deemed the "college center." Find pictures, read applications, ask people you know. I used the college center and picked up books on the "best college for me" and brochures from nearly every college on the western half of the country (although there is an expansive collection of east-coast school information).

**3. Narrow down your choices.** Now that you have the information, you can make some wise decisions. Look at location, size, offered majors, general atmosphere, living arrangements- on and off campus- anything you think might be important to you in your college years. While I was trying to thin out my possibilities, I made a list of everything I was looking for in a college. My list includes a liberal arts atmosphere, a good location (city or rural preferably), a living situation I knew I could be happy with (the option to live off campus, and dorms that looked decent) and a small enough student body where a close student-teacher relationship is possible. I also decided that I wanted to stay within the NW, a criteria that ruled two-thirds of my prospects out. I picked a night and locked myself in my room, pouring over all of my information for hours, making lists of the advantages and disadvantages so I could compare them later. (I also color coded my lists, but I wouldn't necessarily recommend that unless you like going to unneeded trouble). Finally after all my research, I was able to narrow my quest down to three colleges in the NW.

(Disclaimer: Remember, this is just my own personal way of choosing the best college. If you read that description and decided it sounded like a lot of extra work or if you've already chosen a college, I apologize for taking up your time with something you didn't need. However, regardless of whether you need help choosing a college, I'm sure you can at least identify with my battle with the insanity generally known as the "Application Process." A long and lengthy procedure, it can be frustrating and con-

FRUSTRATING

COLLEGE



fusing to even the most well prepared student.)

**4. Getting the Apps.** Obtaining the applications you need from the school you want to apply to can be a very daunting task. Making sure you get the right application for the right year, complete with any additional forms, like financial aid or honors application, is enough to make anyone's head spin. But it is, in fact, possible. Try emailing the colleges online to request applications or ask Cliff Hunter, our college counselor here at school, if you have any problems.

**5. Filling out the Apps.** You need to start tracking down all the useless information the college applications request soon- it might take longer than you assume. Your mother's maiden name, your social security number (because there are still some of us, like myself, that have no knowledge of such things). Plus you need to rack your brain to make yourself sound as desirable as possible. (How many hours of community service have I done since I started high school? Is there any possible way I can make that summer I spent watching Jerry Springer reruns on the couch sound academic?)

Okay, so now you get your portion of the application filled out in neat, precise handwriting. It's time to grovel at the feet of your teachers and ask them to write you recommendation letters and fill out the five hundred sections in the applications marked "Teachers Only." (If all else fails, bake them cookies with a long pleading letter declaring how much you love their long lectures and their responses.) Cross your fingers and hope they give you a good review. (This is a very important part of the procedure, meditation on the subject is also recommended and some types of prayer dances are accepted.) For sake of discussion, let's say you get a good recommendation from your teachers and counselors, and so far you're on track with your deadline schedule. Now's the time to start cranking out those captivating essays that must accompany your application.

**6. The Essays.** Depending on the school your applying to, you

may have to write anywhere from one to five or more essays, usually on personal experience or reasoning for choosing that school. And, as if you don't already have enough on your plate, you sit down to write your college essays and realize these could make or break your acceptance into your dream school. As soon as you've decided to buckle down and just write the best darn essays you've ever written, something is bound to get in your way. Either it's a case of writer's block

the size of Mississippi, or you realize that you've forgotten to study for that Yambo response you know he's giving tomorrow (and this realization really helps your stress levels)."

Finally, just before your deadline you get your essays written and polished (I suggest asking a teacher to proofread them if you're not sure you caught all your mistakes, because nothing is more embarrassing than sending in "College Essay About My Summer")

and you put it all together in a big envelope and send it in. And then you wait... and wait... and wait... If you're lucky you'll get accepted to all the colleges you applied to and you'll get to choose the one you want most. If not, don't fret, there's always the option of the CE Mason tradition, spending a year at PCC before going on to bigger and better thing and "really starting your life."

## COLLEGE AND THE ENDLESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR FRY-DIPPERS

by Paul McCollum

College is not about learning. Its not about your classes, you major, or even the people you meet. Its all about the application. That's what they use to see if they want you at their school, right? I mean, what is college about? For instance, judging by the application questions, its about what ethnicity you are and whether or not you've ever tried to beat someone in the face with a crowbar. Not only are these ridiculous questions on the application, but there are about 80 pages worth of them, and if your like me, you have to go through five copie before you get one thats legible. College used to be hard, but it seems that just getting accepted is the hard part.

But lets go back to the first colleges. Harvard was one of the first true universities, and after there was tremendous growth in specialization research and interest during the 18-1900's, they taught advanced courses in Agriculture, and Tractor Operation 101. High-tech stuff, I tell you! There was once a time where you could go to college and when you graduated, you knew exactly how to buy a cow, and milk it too. But what are they teaching now-a-days? Well, if you aren't taking Ebonics 101 you might be learn-

ing how to properly chug 20 ounces of Coors in the Kegger Science Lab. Or maybe it'll all be done over the Internet: imagine an e-college! But let me tell why that will never happen.

Because here are the real reasons that people would even go to college: for beer and women of course. And, uh...that edumacation thing. But now, even if you actually were planning to learn something, that darn application system and deadlines are working to keep out. And then there are the tests, if you can ever get in. You may to pay to sit through three hours of mind-deadening problem and essay questions. Imagine handing some guy money so that you could take a Physics final. I'd rather join a fraternity that makes me eat broken glass than suffer the utter boredom of a college test.

And then of course, there's the college itself: do I go for Hawaii, where its always sunny and warm and the women are HOT, or do I plan for the future and head for MIT. But no matter where you go, the dorm rooms are gonna be hell. Good lord, they smell like they were originally waste processing facilities. They're built like bomb shelters too, tiny windows with black bars across them and a sign above

that says "Big Brother is Watching." That would make me sleep easy at night; that is, if I could even fit on the cluster of rusty nails they call a bed. The roommates are always great, too. Either its some 400 pound gorilla who does whatever the hell he wants becuase he could heat the crap out of you, or its some 4 foot nuthin' skinny kid who thinks he's 2-Pac. Nothings better than doing homework in a bomb shelter while listening to rap.

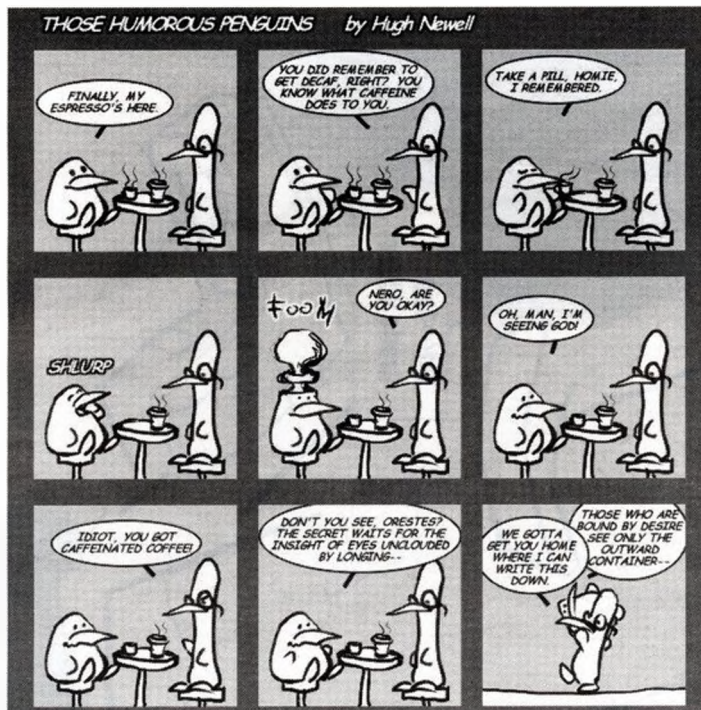
So what's my solution? Well, its for you to boycott college. Thats right! I want a formal protest against edumacation and all its evil offspring- democracy, freedom, rights. I want it all down the drain. Why? So that I can suffer through college, get smart, and then take over the world. None of this free speech crap! Visualize a world where I rule...well, actually where I hire Spencer Wilson as my "Number 2," and he rules while I enjoy my harem full of beautiful women. What about the rest of you, you ask? Well, McDonalds offers a wide variety of high-paying and educationally stimulating - frydippers, for instance. Or perhaps a Fuel- Transfer Technician at Chevron. Ahh Yes- pumping gas in the great outdoors. And trust me, those applications are much shorter.

# A&C COMICS

## Anthology

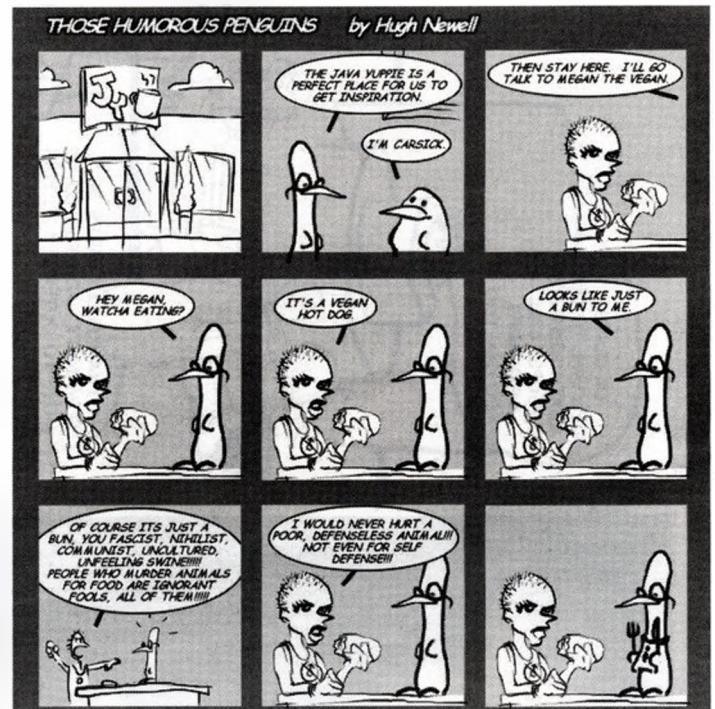
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Co-Editor-- Laura Stein



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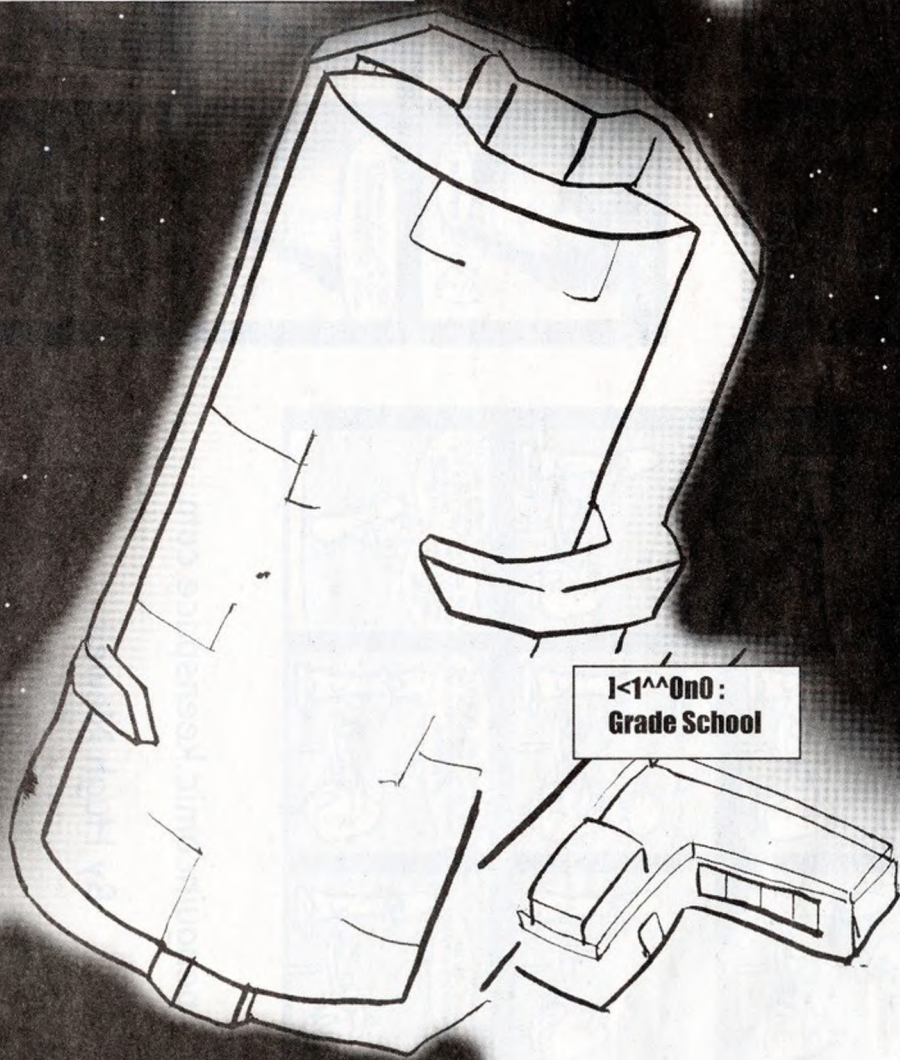
By Hugh Newell





# SPACE STATION

T13. D13. I<1^0/\0



Tie Die Kimono by Tyler Tinsley

OK CLASS.  
WELCOME TO OLD  
EARTH HISTORY.  
PEOPLE CALL  
ME GRAMPS.  
YOU CAN TOO

AS WE ALL  
KNOW THE EARTH  
WAS BLOWN UP  
BY A BIG COMET

THANKFULLY PARTS OF  
HUMANITY HAD STARTED TO  
MOVE TO OUTER SPACE, YOU  
ARE THE THIRD  
GENERATION  
TO BE BORN  
AFTER THAT  
DISASTER

WHO CARES  
WHAT THE "EARTH"  
WAS LIKE, I'D RATHER  
BE SHOPPING

Hanna may be a ditz  
but when trouble strikes  
she transforms into  
**PRETTY ROSE**,  
the defender  
of love and cookies

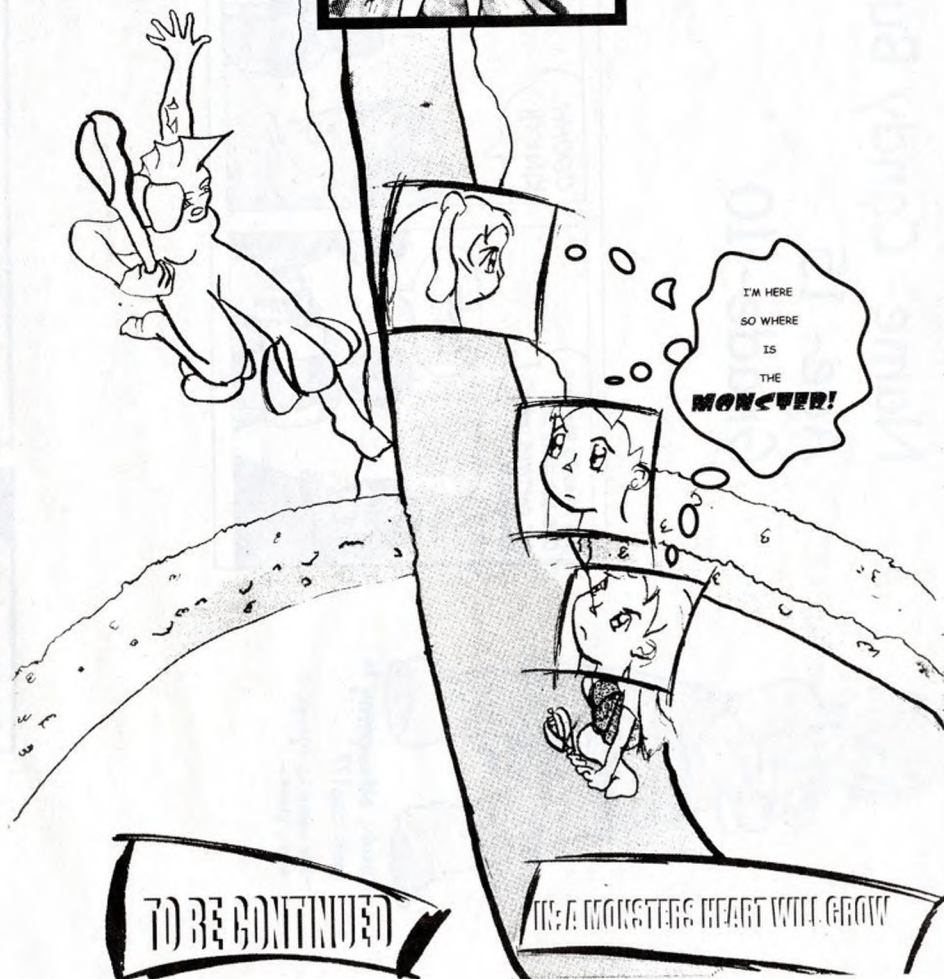
Honcho is hanna's fly kit (a new type of cat  
that can fly). fly kits are given to any new  
members of the S.P.D. They serve as a  
direct link to S.P.D. headquarters

HEY HANNA, I  
JUST GOT A REPORT  
FROM THE S.P.D.  
(super pretty defenders)  
THAT A MONSTER  
IS ON THE LOSE

TEACHER, MAY I USE  
THE BATHROOM

YES YOU MAY





TO BE CONTINUED

IN A MONSTER'S HEART WILL GROW





Candy attempting to look cool??

-The world is, indeed, a scary place...

Name- Candy Bullard  
Age- 15  
Grade- 10





*The Garden  
of  
Rhythm  
&  
Rhyme*







*River Of Tears*  
by Anonymous

*Walking on a river of tears  
Warm against my feet  
Sobs of seeds fill my ears  
I sit and weep  
Nobody hears  
I sit alone  
No comfort of my own  
Walking on a river of tears  
Warm against my feet.*

*Untitled*  
by Anonymous

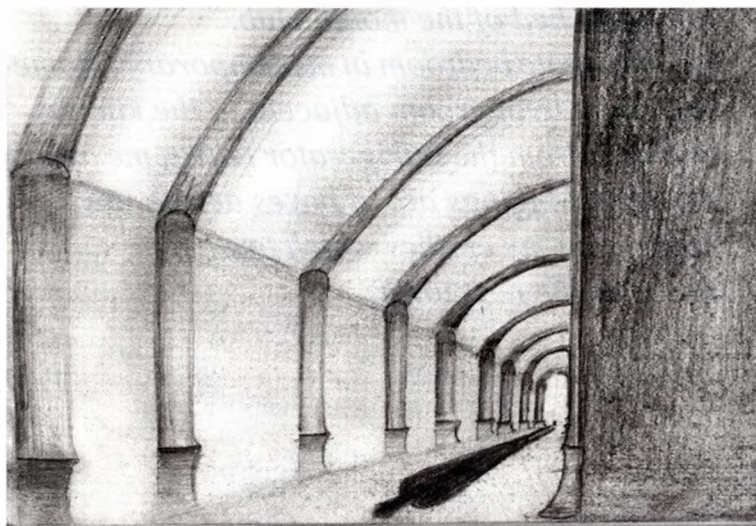
*If I could recede back into time  
I'd go straight to the womb of my  
creation  
And be born a premature baby  
Let's go somewhere in the darkness.  
Where age cannot be seen  
In the lines of our faces  
In a time where years aren't relevant  
To our conversations  
To the present moment  
It all depends on your depth and how  
Far you'd let me go  
I know I'm just daydreaming  
But I've been thinking,  
If I had you, I'd hold you forever  
In a way no one else has  
It could be enchanting, exciting, it  
could be forever  
If you'd only allow yourself such romance  
Even if your skeptical  
I should've gotten a chance.*





*Last Goodbye*  
by TJ Harrison

*Alone I climb,  
To be with you just one more  
time  
Stopping to admire the view,  
And spend some time thinking  
of you.  
I turned, and saw you fly,  
you had no wings, but you  
touched the sky.  
With the eagles, I watched you  
soar.  
I watched your greatness, just  
once more.  
On top I saw you at my feet,  
I took what I could, for me  
to keep.  
Holding your remains, trying not to  
cry.  
I sat, and said one last  
goodbye.*



*I'm Cold*  
by Anonymous

*Lips of silver  
flecks of gold  
Silky hair  
not too old  
Please help me  
I am cold  
You are kind as I am told.*



*Questioning Life*  
by Anonymous

*Animals, insects  
everything,  
it all has a purpose  
a purpose of being  
what does the human fungus have?  
what is their purpose for being?  
what makes it so important for their existence?  
when is their demise?  
are they just an accident?  
a flaw in the genetic line?  
Are they just squatters  
lay claim to this tattered land?  
where do they fit in?  
why can't they lend a helping hand?  
why are they here?  
what is their meaning?  
their meaning of life?  
is it to protect this globe from evils from far beyond?  
if they are to protect  
then why do they endanger it so?  
why don't they understand  
they're hurting this battered land.  
so many unaware  
lost and never found  
what is their purpose of life?  
why can't they just drown.*



*"Home"*  
by Adam Taylor

*I lay tonight on a lumpy couch  
the newest installment of the  
"decrepit bed of the month club."  
My surrogate bedroom in my temporary "home"  
Is a small living room adjacent to the kitchen  
The light from the refrigerator leaves me awake.  
All my belongings are in boxes across town.  
Aside from my clothes which are in  
Boxes in the next town."*



# SENIOR

By Megan Kindree and Scott Johnson

Why are there rules to being a senior? Mostly because I've (along with most of the other seniors) have been here for four years, and every year we have to deal with Seniors, now it's our turn. That's why, I'm not a junior who thinks I'm a senior because I'm graduating early. I am a senior, I am better than you. These rules have been provided in order to make it easier for you silly little underclassmen to comprehend greatness. So that you don't try and think that you are equals to us, that you do what you are told, and that you just plain get out of our way.

## And now . . . THE RULES!

1.) *Thou shalt not* consider themselves a senior, if one is a junior graduating early. By the logic of 4 years= senior, 3 years= junior; therefore 3 years plus extra work does not equal eligibility for senior privileges, you silly junior. (Exceptions have been made for Laura McNulty and Erika Hailstone, be-

2.) *References will be* made to people "before your time", do not ask for explanations, just assume that the senior is superior and does not have time to spend on your ignorant inquiries. (These questions also take away from valuable time that could be spent thinking about "Animal House")

4.) *Thou shalt not* refer to yourselves as "Old School CE Masoners", unless you are a senior. (See above for proper definition and explanation of "senior")

5.) *Thou shalt not* use any locker occupied by a senior, pertaining to, but not limited to: lockers of previous use, which have been put on hiatus and will be returned to usage later.

6.) *Thou shalt not* deny seniors of cutting in the lunch line.

7.) *Thou shalt surrender* the "senior microwave" to any senior who wishes to use it at any given time.

8.) *Music coming from* anything operated by a senior is never too loud.

9.) *There will be no* hippie songs played in the hallway unless approved by a senior. This includes anything by Led Zeppelin, or containing a harmonica.

10.) *Thou shalt not* park their vehicle in any parking space intended for use by seniors. Seniors may use any means necessary to remove the obstructive vehicle. Seniors may also use as many spaces as they deem "needed"

11.) *Jokes made about* clothes, or lack thereof, can only be made by seniors.

12.) *Only seniors are* allowed to discuss Richard's little sisters.

13.) *Only seniors are* allowed to make unnecessary references

about books written by beat writers, or about salmon, dams or Lewis and Clark.

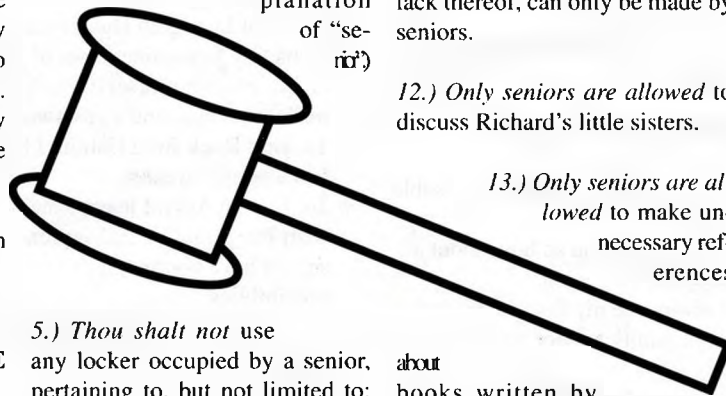
14.) *Thou shalt respect* the supreme word of ALL SENIORS.

Final Note: Any seniors Loudly Or Rambunctiously Engaging Neurotically in these rules will be resolved of their privileges and not be know the great privilegde or being a SENIOR and all it's glory.

EAT, SLEEP AND BREATHE

THESE RULES. Your life will be more enjoyable that way,

2001 FOREVER!!



# THAT'S

I, Lauren Asay , being of Rock mind and Roll body, do hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:

To: Megan, I leave the Ladies Lounge, ducks on wheels plus that catchy theme song (Beep Beep!) lonely Jesuit boys to follow you home, Irish drinking songs, lunch time food inspections, organic rootbeer and cheddar fishes runs, "Biggest Flirt," a grumpy bear, Tri-met adventures, Donuts, fool proof macaroni & cheese, and of course our patent line of Funderware TM

To: Stephanie, I leave Lauren's Guide to Developing a Positive Attitude, creative means for improving loneliness, Buckaroo Parking, as well as the "Buckaroo" Action Figures & Documentary films 1-13.... they always seem to be sold out, the puke table, the corner in Nathan's room,"boy" talks, apathy and chicken-crap.. "Ooooh, you think in worlds too!?"

To: Hallie, I leave Thursdays that just never seem to work out, an invitation to my front door (p.s the doorbell works) Studio 54, California, the earthquake lockdown AND choreographed dance moves.

To: John, I leave a place on my bulletin board reserved for your kid pictures, Beth's dollar, Fir Grove memories and something else thats incredibly whitty...however I can't think of it right now.

To: Terry, I leave sitting in Yambo's class bored out of our minds with nothing better to do but poke at each other & a series of get well cards.

To: both Terry & John, I leave a few minutes of erased video footage...

To: Matt, I leave offensive darkroom signs, OUR enlarger, our favorite orthodontist and the gang war...watch yo back.

To: Karly, I leave "Weekend at the Beach 2000" My thanks for all the rides home, Coed soccer, B-hall Believers, Steve, and all our other pre-high school memories...may they never be relived.

To: Scott, I leave Jeff Stedman and the hick with the truck.

To: Tabatha, I leave my cowboy hat and boots...buckaroo

To: Ian, I DON'T leave my apron

To: Louise, I leave my early release, my early release...or better cursive...

To: T.J., I leave a pamphlet and instructional video on how to be just like me when you grow up.

To: Mike, I leave the school...your the only kid hip enough to save it.

To: Loren, I leave my name and thats just about it

To: Mary, my little death squad cutie, I leave more men to abuse, the invisible tatoo, being a loser and college crap...sweet Jesus.

To: Erica, I leave...well I really don't know what to give you so how about a six pack and all the compliments I could possibly give a person.

To: Katie, I leave the knowledge that you will always be my favorite freshman

To:Penny, I leave the never ending field trip, community service aggression and my green aura

To: Bruce, I leave sitting on the outrigger, a delicious dinner and ohana.

To: Yambo, I leave last minute recommendation letters, stimulating lectures and my thanxs

To: Nathan, I leave almond flour, chemical fights in the darkroom, and filthy, filthy morons. You have the greatest sense of humor out of any teacher I've ever met.

To: the whole of the teaching staff that I've had the past 4 years, I leave my thanx for your support, caring and understanding.

To: the school, I leave my car...speeding out of the parking lot and outta' this place

I, Tabatha Belles, being of crazy mind and tranquil body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:

To: John D., I leave all the kindness you bestowed upon me; and a pair of hiking boots.

To: Ashley W., I leave a handful of stars from the sky and my apologies for ever intimidating you.

To: Deborah F., I leave new friends, the two you have will only soon forget you.

To: Scott J., I leave a pile of pictures I have taken of you over the year playing guitar.

To: Brandon F., I leave all the success in the world.

To: Marian L., I leave my hot pink pants.

To: Erica H., I leave inspiration, dreams, strength, and the hope that you go on to be a great ideal for young women.

To: Julia G., I leave a barrel of hair, Mike in a bikini and washed hair, and a ticket to the car wash.

To: Amy R., I leave kick'n it old school, fighten over boys. We're the cool kids in the hall.

I, Matthew Peter Bunza, being of sonic mind and totally buff and sexy body, hereby bequeath the following to these few that kept me coming to the Academy of Arts and Excellence:

To: Tabbatha Loraine King, I leave gang fights in the halls, hanging out in the greenhouse, memories of Elliot, hanging out in construction sites, taking photos, rapping, my walkman, Fiesta Fridays, hijacking school busses, commandeering tractors, and my car.

To: John Dougherty, I leave baseball, blood in your bathroom, your old bedroom, that romantic bike ride in the sunset we will soon take together, Scott's car (better you than him, make the roads safer), and barbeques at Gabriel Park.

To: Elliot Ross, I leave you all my guitars, burning things, a morsel of my heart, Kurbside (the worst jazz band in the world), and a big hug.

To: Terry Six, I leave my recording studio, barbecues, Scott (he can be your slave, guitar tech, whatever), baseball MVPs, playing GI Joes with John and you, getting in to bars, Anne's hot friends, my hot friends, my hot catholic girl friends, record shows, a method for obtaining hundreds of free records, all the stuff you took on New Years, and you being my high school sweet-heart.

To: Stephanie Scelza, I leave some phone calls, my music, a little squirrel brought back to life, gang fights in the halls, water in your face, all my posters, half of my tapes, half of my cds, and uh, that's about it. And from you, I take that animal on your dashboard, your voice, your music, and your personality. Everything.

To: Anni Lundgren Hunt, I leave skipping class, hanging out in the field, Auna, my first guitar, a pet of your choice for your house, food for your kitten, another morsel of my heart, an excuse as great as mine not to present in Kaad's class, and a crossword.

To: Butt Rock Brad Gation, I leave you a gallon drum full of assorted stuff, and a tennis sweater.

To: Lauren Asay, I leave dancing, Jeremy G., our enlarger (which is really Matt Fitzgerald's), and supreme reign of the darkroom. I still think we should have booby trapped the place. Trip wire, traps and such. Think of the possibilities.

To: Corey, I leave your mullet, my pinnacle knowledge of how to get past you without getting caught, my police scanners, my night vision, my lock picking set, my leather jacket, lifelong sobriety, and why not a kitten to cuddle with. No, actually, German Shepherds. Mean ones, too. Attack dogs are just the kind of thing we need in public schools. You can have the kitten, too though.

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave my heart, all the things I should have stolen from your house, all the work I never turned in, high five with wayne, and ah... it was great sneaking into your club on 21 and over day.

To: Yambo, you can have my literature. There's lots of it. I have a missile launcher somewhere, you can have that, too. And, uh... well, whatever else you want.

To: Brady Colburn, I leave a high five, public safety, a few of Portland's finest, an apple, some greens, some fast cars, and a tiger which will protect you from rival crews.

To: Shauna and Norma, I leave my record of 300 readmits, and my thanks for putting up with me. You kids can have some cds, too.

To: Marty, I leave the thousands of books lying around my house.

To: Dave Sikking, I don't know. I have been looking for Benicio Del Toro all summer. When I find him you can have him.

To: Scott Johnson, you can have your drumset back. No wait it's not even yours. I leave you all my effects racks and pedals, and my secret guitar collection.

To: Nathan Lucas, I leave whatever you want. I honestly can't think of anything. Someday when I am rich and famous, and you rob a bank or do something that puts you in need of some bail money, just give me a ring.

To: Mrs. Javadi, I leave you a suitable amount of candy, your Yanni cd, and a



permanent pen. Thanks for everything.

To: Matt Fitzgerald- you are still the equivalent of a 6th grader, so you don't get anything. Well, you can have some catholic girls to wrestle with, and draw satanic symbols all over their bodies. And Louise. Your enlargers, too.

To: Becca, I leave stripping catholic boys, fiesta thursdays, and Boggle. Perhaps a bingo hall, or a police force surrounding your apartment. And Catholic Steve.

To: Luke Williams, I leave you 3 cases of beast, a party at Joel's house. The piece of my fence you broke with your potato launcher, and Joel. And a ladder.

To: Joel Christerson, I leave a date with Courtney Taylor, a Dandy Warhols picture disc, a kiss, a case of beast, no make that three cases of beast, and my camera.

To: Christine Senseman, I leave all the rock stars I know. I leave you a date with Courtney Taylor, every last one of my cds, records, DATs, and tapes, and a guitar- learn to play and start a band. Take over the world.

To: Marian Lucas, I leave a chicken sandwich, and a hippo. I don't know what else you want. I have a nice 80's vinyl collection you can have.

To: Katrina Bennet, I leave a hippopotamus named Katrina all shot up and porous, full of a few thousand bullets, with a bow tie. And a party some time.

To: Hallie Williams, I leave my Prince tapes, baseball, and your boyfriend saving me from mean, big, angry, drunk jocks on multiple occasions.

To: Will, I leave Ian Wallace. May he do all of your work for you, and may you take a well earned, long vacation. No, Ian isn't that bad. You can have that skinny idiot underclassman Matt who struts himself about. Make him clean the bathrooms or something. Yuck!

I, John Dougherty, being of hard-boiled mind, and Dionysian body, hereby bequeth to my successors at Arts and Communcations:

To Terry: I leave all my favorite high school memories, from the last day of school freshman year to many summer nights at my house to our endless conversations which always ended with us being superior to everyone else to Midnight Intruders to Macs to El Grillo to the undisputed respect we have for one another. Its too hard to list everything, so I will just leave you my thanks for always being there and being the best high school friend I made. You will always be my brother, thank you man! Ohh yeah, I leave you my butt too.

To Stephanie: I leave you anything you want, in this whole damn world! And the ability for Senior Wills to contain nothing personal, you know what I mean

To Scott: I leave Highland Park memories, that damn streak you left on my wall, the unbelievable amount of talent you have obtained on the guitar (congrats bro, your gonna be big time), many long summer nights, Anne, all "those" chics, a jam session with you and I, Bob Dylan, a flaming crotch, and a friendship that will not die when you head down to Eugene. Sorry if I have ever been a jerk, I mean it, your a rockin' pal!

To Lauren: I leave as many pictures of me as a kid that you need, memories from 1st to 12th grade and still counting...your fine piano that I became good friends with on Prom, a life without Andy, and my love! Knowing us, we will probably die in the same hospital at 70 or something. See ya at PSU!

To Hallie: I leave my apologies for being so flaky all the time (we will hang out sometime soon), getting lost at Opal Creek, the Dalai Lama, goat cheese and hopes that we stay in contact after we graduate. I hope that we don't lose touch, your a great girl!

To Amelia: I leave some really expensive houses in the West Hills, many talks about our certain friend, a suitcase full of "oh whatever, I'll do it later"'s so you will never run out, many laughs and violent attacks in Publications, and NOT a goodbye, we will definately keep in touch. Ohh yeah, and a new seatbelt for your back seat so I dont fear death whenever I step into your car.

To Tanya: I leave awesome memories, you are such a great girl!

To Matt: I leave a recording session with you and I.

To Erica: I leave pleasant conversations as a freshmen, a time of unpleasantness, and a world of potential. Keep your mind on YOU! Do what is best for you, and seek your own happiness as an individual. (you may not know it, but your a very independent girl, all you need is yourself!!!)

To Katie O.: I leave the best smile in the whole school and a giant "Thank You" for always treating me with such great respect, both had the potential to make my day! I will miss having someone like you around. Plus a dinner I owe you, for all those times you took Amy and I out to eat.

To Tabatha: I leave a long-lasting Tri-met relationship, first with the 88, now with the 76/78, its been interesting, long walks and good conversations, a morning when you arent tired, unsent letters to Utah and a long spree of unconditional happiness, you deserve it!

To Adam: I leave a cop to watch over your every move, my collection of American folk tunes, a jam session, a life in the woods (keep up the naturalism and environmentalism, , a book that doesnt exist called "Savant: purpose and process," and a pen so that you may be the first to write it. Good luck next year, I have faith that you will bring order to the chaos!

To Kris Haines: I leave my highest level of respect and hope that you revolutionize the filmmaking world. Keep at it, the world needs people like you!

To "Dirty" David Kimbro: I leave a pocket full of \$1 bills for a strip club, a really nice Holmes heater covered in snot and chocolate milk, your garage, deep conversations about girls, and the award for the "Coolest Bad-Ass" in the school. Stay here man, this school needs people like you!

To Norma: I leave all the readmits I have acquired over the years, a nickel for every transcript I asked you for, and a thanks for being the sweetest lady alive!

To Penny: I leave mnay wonderful memories. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for treating me so well, I never took it for granted, and a career where you feel fulfilled, a lady is bound for something great. You have a lot of life left to live.

To Corey: I leave a mullet and tight green tanktops. Thank you fro always treating me with such great consideration! With a personality like yours, you deserve a wonderful girl! Ohh yeah, plus an awesome climb on the South Sister that I am looking forward to.

To Orestes: I leave all of my thanks! Sometimes I think that you are full of crap, but most of the times I think that you are one of the only people in this world whose eyes are truly open to the beauty of this life! Your genius is unparallel, and I look forward to your guidance in my later years of life as well! Thank you for taking me under your wing.

To Nathan: I leave a relationship that will not deteriorate with my graduation, but hopefully grow as we can become better friends. You remind me a lot of myself, and that is rare. In a school full of unknown faces, your my favorite person to just sit down and have an intelligent talk with. Thank you for being not only a great teacher, but more so one of my good friends! And hopefully you can one day meet my friend Irving.

To Bruce: I leave you anything I could possibly give you! You are a great reason as to why I am graduating, thank you for always pushing me and not letting me getaway with crap. Thank you for being truly of the greatest human spirits I have come into contact with, you are truly special! It has been my greatest pleasure to be your student and I would die a happy man if I could be as truly human as you! Thank you Bruce, thank you!

To everyone who has gone before (Kevin, Ike, Ardy, Ryan, Tyler, Manuel, Tina, Caitlin, Nick, Tony): I leave a life debt to each of you, thank you for making this world heavenly, beautiful, and a place where I am happy to spend my time!

I, Deborah Facker, being superior mind and sexy body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts & Communications High School:

To Shanyelle King, I leave: sex toys.

To Victoria Oberzil, I leave: Robert Smith.

To Courtney Castleman, I leave: a Kama Sutra book.

To Patrick Vick, I leave: a lifetime supply of art supplies so he can draw, write music, etc. for whenever he is inspired.

To Anna Kerpan, I leave: concert tickets.

To Annie Hunt, I leave: chocolate.

To Genny Hall, I leave: a health textbook.

To Lindsey Wilhelm, I leave: fame.

To Megan Kindree, I leave: leg warmers.

To Solomon Trimble, I leave: a harem.

To Deanna Johnson, I leave: a pet dragon.

To: Katrina Bennet, I leave: fairy dust.

To Angela Carter, I leave: the man in the moon.

To Shawna Fox-Anderson, I leave: a hug.

To Karly Van Raden, I leave: hair dye.

To Crystal Zinshiem, I leave: music, so that her beautiful feet may always be moving.

To Mrs. Heidi Venetz, I leave: my thanks, you have helped me use my right brain better than ever before, and taught me so much about art.  
To Mr. Kaad, I leave: my gratitude and the largest library on Earth.

I, Lotus Ferguson, being of caffeine addicted mind and eternal grad. student body do hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Jennifer, I leave a mind wipe of Andy. "a novel better than Stephen King's latest.." mint ice cream, cheese dip, The Edwards Theater from Boise, one third of Jude Law and my best wishes for things to go well August 15th in Champaign....or was it Urbana?

To: Katie, I leave partial ownership of Foodfront, more math and social sciences credit than you can shake a stick at, a truck load of ripe blood oranges, those mountains you couldn't see from the hotel room in Boise, and one third of Jude Law for you too

To: Hannah, I leave Remy but I want him back

To: Paul, I leave a girlfriend, duct tape for Hugh's mouth, The Big Lebowski, Stupid people for you to mock, and a plane ticket to somewhere tropical

To: Randy, I leave "Do you have the SALT?!" and your own apartment

To: Loren, I leave a lime green shirt and a better looking car, one that doesn't rattle at 55, but only 55mph

To: Julia, I leave a plane ticket out of the country for Tom, and a job that pays more for less work

To: Annie Nelson, I leave a apology for calling you "Annie" I can't seem to break the habit, also Minute, Commanchie, Cocheise, Raz, Half N Half, Lately, Cahoots, Tony, Manly and Cando (or would you rather have Licorice?)  
To: Annie Tapper, I leave Book Arts and a curry comb

To: Deanna, I leave my senior will, lots of wool, the collapse of society, "Shheeepp"

and Van Mourik cause no one else seems to want him

To Mr Kaad, I leave an autographed copy of Steering the Craft, and perfectly done pork chops with apple sauce.

To: Sanderson, I leave Macy Grey and a forwarding address.

To: Yambo, I leave my admiration, a Ohana, a I.T class, a pavlova, a plane ticket to Brisbane with a long stop-over in Christchurch.

To: Mr Lucas I leave a 30 hour day so you can get everything done that you need too and a 25 hours night so you can get enough sleep... or maybe I'll just leave you a long paid vacation.

To: Mrs. Teeter, I leave Arts and Communications High School, two years of Ohana and Painting I and II. Silent Spring. and Things Fall Apart.... and my thanks

To: Mr Sikking, I leave Monty Python's Quest for the Holy Grail and somebodies best bed (not mind you a second best bed)

To: Tateoka, I leave a heavy duty sleeping bag, the Spanish laser disks. Fifty crates of pacholi incense and some peanut butter sandwiches

To: Paula Kinney I leave a red ant farm.

To: Mary B, I leave a Time Machine so you can jump to 2003 and get the hell outta Dodge, even though the school will grind to a halt with out you.

To: Norma, I leave a Student Body that is always on time

To: Spencer, I leave lots and lots of Eighth Graders.

To: Taylor Gehrts, I leave all the computer equipment you could ever want and lots of food

To: Adam Taylor, I leave a recording contract and string

To: Amy Romaine, I leave the beginning of Freshmen Year

To: Hugh I leave some conversation topics that aren't offensive.

To: Aaron Hess, I leave a Publisher who loves your work and can't wait for more

To: Jocelyn, I leave a tracking collar for Loren and some scissors.

To: Ian, I leave a round peg and a square hole.

To: Everyone else, I leave High Fidelity, Gladiator, Monty Python and 30 Odd Foot of Grunts. Hope you're happy.

I, Randy Gerhart, being of meticulous mind and body do hereby bequeth to my successors at Arts and Communication High School:

To: Paul McCollum, I leave that fight we never "took outside," a kick in the

ass, logic in math especially for fundamental identities and tan, cos and sin, tab for Vanbladen's "eruption," a winning lottery ticket for Powerball, many buxom beautiful women, J.R.R Tolkien, "those" animes, Masamune Shiron, Led Zeppelin and Soundgarden, a college full of attractive, intelligent women, a decent ping pong paddle, The Big Lebowski DVD, my friendship and a watter bottle.

To: Mike Ball, I leave more time in the day for "browsing" the Internet, Robo Cop, lame anime that are grossly humorous with terrible art work. many strange conversations and Oh my Goddess!

To: Gina Milhauser, I leave a mouse, a severe beating at Marie Kart 64, a backstage pass to a Tool Concert, Crystal's constant nagging, a conversation with Paul in which something is actually resolved, a closer home to school, a smile, a conversation and my friendship

To: Orestes Yambouranis, I leave a year of response papers from students full of perfect scores, my utmost respect, a yellow sweater, alibrary full of completely uninteresting books you could read (i.e Northwest Passage), weird scrawlings and doodles in my class notes, a never ending pass to travel anywhere in the world and my Frank Lloyd Wright creative project

To: Bruce Kaad, I leave an intelligent conversation with the class, success in all you do, and uninterrupted classes filled with attentive students

To: Debbie Teeter, I leave ACHS, that Drawing II project I never tuned in but spent so much time on, Silent Spring, art classes and my respect

To: Lotus Ferguson, I leave an unusual amount of conversations at lunch about girls, a horse, geometry and a box full of assorted nuts and bolts

To: Spencer Wilson, I leave a "chill pill" weighted shoes so you don't run to the lunch room everyday, your own Napoleon, a Satanist to have fights with, a book full of your strange "comics" and a girlfriend

To: Mojda Javadi, I leave an accent, James Thain's "music" in Chemistry and many laughs

To: Penny Tateoka, I leave Spanish art projects, tarot cards, weird students and gringos

To: John Dougherty, I leave the Beat Generation, a banjo and a shoe

To: Corey Stone, I leave truent students, hikes in which you don't take off your shirt, and a stick to beat people with

To: Scott Johnson, I leave Slash, VanHalen, Randy Rhoads, Angus Yuang, Jimi Hendrix, Stevie Ray, and yes, Sammy Hagggar (because we all know who's the better singer)

To: Katie Osborn, I leave 50 cents everyday for a Nature Valley and damn fine paintings

To: Jeremy Highhouse, I leave Battle Angel, nice cars, aP52 and a fuzzy sweater.

To: Megan Kindree, I leave guys that care, and nice fashion designs as well as NHS meeting I never attended.

To: Katrina Bennett, I leave gross conversations, Vince, and a golf cart

To: Marian Lucas, I leave a strange fetish for candy, poker cards and pants

To: Hallie Williams, I leave Photography, Miles Davis and long beautiful hair

To: Erin Brown, I leave Elvis, pastel clothes, chocolate, algebra and a empty chair next to you

To: Tyer Tinsley, I leave a trip to Japan, a contract with Dark Horse, and a book full of Peter Han's wonderful art work

To: Jennifer Kennemer, I leave interesting conversations in geometry about the relationship between women and chocolate, a club to beat Paul with and an eraser

To: Everyone Else, I leave another year full of new eighth graders and more I.T Projects

I Erica Hailstone being of starry mind and moonstruck body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:

To: Lorena, I leave my love of our rocky friendship, laughs, my DMX shirt, and my future memories.

To: Matt B, I leave late night talks, and empty packs of cigarettes.

To: Tanya, I leave new tires for your car and many, many, laughs.

To: Christine, I leave a box of crayons, a diploma, and a Slurpee (cherry) with vodka in it, and a new job.

To: Louise, I leave the barf you threw up in my car. Its in room 18 in one of the clay heads.

To: Denise, I leave many readmits, but all excused, and a new car without



throw up in it.  
To: Terry, I leave sexy haircuts and sexy everything else, denim, barbecues, and 2 beers. One for me, and one for you.  
To: John D, I leave my Spanish homework and my phone number so you'll actually call me. 641-7941.  
To: Lauren A, I leave admiration of your intelligence, and artwork, and a smile. (Sorry no humor)  
To: Rachel, I leave a lot of dancing, a root beer, and a hot beef.  
To: Ana K, I leave a big, huge time machine so you can graduate now. And I leave you with the coolest Freshman award.  
To: Laura M, I leave laughs and a "Thank you" for the senior portraits.  
To: Brad, I leave phone calls after school and even more phone calls in the summer. I got what you want so call me.  
To: Scott, I leave my swimming pool, a pair of shorts, and Fever  
To: David K, I leave Punk, Punk, Punk, and girls. Your looks will get you anyone.  
To: Kara K, I leave the Donnas and that Donnas shirt I was getting.  
To: Vince, I leave a few cartons of cigarettes to get you through next year.  
To: Katrina, I leave a fake ID so you can buy Vince cigarettes. I also leave you all the stars in the sky.  
To: Adam T, I leave sex, drugs, and Rock n' Roll.  
To: Spencer, I leave political power and presidency of the school.  
To: Lindsey, I leave 5 balloons, 5 clouds, and 500 penguins.  
To: Anyone I didn't talk to or gave dirty looks to, I leave you a flaming bag of crap and Arts and Communications Magnet School.

To: Laura, I leave good laughter, and eating clam chowder in the doll house with Barbies. (Oops! did I say that out loud?)  
To: Erica, I leave Spanish class with Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Contreas (only the best)  
To: Louise, I leave duct tape. . . for Yambo's class. Please use it in the future.  
To: Tabbatha, I leave many breadsticks from Olive Garden. Anything you want, you got it.  
To: Hallie, I leave The "Bomb Shelter. . ." that was fun.  
To: Terry, I leave ?????? ????, cause you know she wants you!! Have a good one Terry, you're the best!  
To: Paul, I leave the Mona Lisa! "Piece of \$%#@!?"  
To: Scott, I leave the park where we first met. . . and its not Jo-Ho!!!  
To: Jennifer K, I leave the "Teacher Pet Award."  
To: John, I leave best wishes, you are the MAN!! And good luck.  
To: Mary F, I leave chicken, beef, pork, fish, veil, and duck. Mmmmm.  
To: Katie F, I leave my bagel. "Yes, you can have my bagel."  
To: Adam, I leave my binder, have fun with it.  
To: Mike, I leave "Like the sun. . ." One more year Mike, sorry.  
To: Vince, I leave a room for you and Katrina. You both are sooo cute!!  
To: Lorena, I leave good lunch breaks with lots of ranch and food!! And the fights you had with Tab.  
To: Yambo, I leave that damn Sophie's World. You will be missed. I enjoyed the humor.  
To: Kaad, I leave "The Love" unit. You are the best teacher, you never get mad! Love ya!

I, Scott Johnson, being of mind and body, hereby bequeth to my successors at Arts and Communications:  
To: Megan, I leave crooked things like hooks, squid, camping, trips from Washington to Eugene. The stupid crafts chick. 7-11, open 24 hours a day. And a bunch of other stuff I don't remember. To: Amy, I leave going to collage together, pants, singing songs off key. Getting tattooed, dancing to stairway, eating marsupials.  
To: Stephanie, I leave backwards talk, and Britney spears, talking about feminism. Pictures and cartoons. Sister companies, the band we were in for a day, and all that other stuff that happened and that is memorable.  
To: Terry, I leave Cheap homemade patches, red dog from Safeway. The Chuds, James Bond, Sabbath, Joey Ramones rotting corpse. Mondays at Paul's. Two first place trophies, Abstract art. Summer nights at John's. Really fast cars we never got. The hot tub club. Bad horror movies. A really loud old Soldano. Dumb stuff that we did, and the occasional hippy stuff.  
To: John , I leave a 2nd and 3rd place trophy. Spanish 2, the parties at your house. Having a predicament about empty glasses. Weird interests in random instruments, that struck down the side of your house. Roses on ice. Stupid girls. hot girls, Irish, movies and other stuff that people assosicate with you, knowing what the "real John" is like and philosphing with only one sock.  
To: Matt, I leave 8th grade, microwave kinds, eating pizza at Vally, after they kicked you out. Monopoly, throwing each other off our backs. That HBO special about crack we watched when we were 14. A new screen door . Love, fun, and happiness, and hasbrowns.  
To: Carolyn, my cute little baby! Swing sets, the exorsist. Ben and Jerry's ice creamChristain ugu here, the bravest little toaster. Magic love, dreams. What is, what was and what ever wil be. Oh and being good. (insert cute kissy face sound here)  
To: Randy, I leave Paul.  
To:Paul, I leave Randy.  
To: Randy and Paul, I leave each other.  
To: Erin, You know.  
To: Lindsey, I leave John's Dead and sleezy boys who say things I can't even remember right now. Have fun in Seattle, I'll see you this summer.  
To: Brad, I leave the death and metal.

I, Denise Juhnke, being of good mind and strong body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:  
To: Amy, I leave TJ Maxx, Red Robin baby!! And we can't forget Steven! (Hotie) "Good Times."  
To: Tanya, I leave memories of Freshmen year. "Good times," and driving

I Jennifer Kennemer, being of exhausted senior mind and equally exhausted senior body, do hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:  
To: Lotus, I leave a string of movie related references--Mel Gibson, Dr. Pepper, the walk to Albertsons from my apartment and my couch. A cute guy with an english accent to loosen you up. A hose who is never lame. The best in life and friendship. As Katie said, "We are only seaweed in her sea."  
To: Katie, I leave the sun, moon, stars, and everything in between. You have my greatest ally in fighting the forces of evil.  
To: Loren, I leave a shirt any color but grey. Due respect as a superior chess player. Thanks for all the borrowed dollars, the rides home and for allowing me to poke fun at you.  
To: Hannah, "How rare and wonderful is that flash of a moment when we realize we have discovered a friend." --William Rotsler. And when have lost a friend. We were the bad, the good, and the ugly. Good luck in life.  
To: Deborah, I leave an apology. You're a good part of the reason I even came to the school and my life, for both the worst and the best, has been forever changed by knowing you.  
To: Megan, I leave 9th grade. You were the best friend I could have asked for coming into high school. Though the following years saw us drift apart, I still reserve a place for you in my memory and ask that you do the same for me.  
To: John D., "Life's a play. It's not the length, but it's the performance that counts."--Seneca. We had few conversations, but I will always remember your grace.

I, Megan Kindree, being of precocious mind and glittery body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts & Communications High School:  
To Amy Romaine, I leave: The thought of "more glitter"; swimming in below freezing bodies of water; camp mosquito; the senior microwave; a perfectly furnished college apartment with a large, fully equipped kitchen; Paul McCollum (even though you're SO over him!); Our first failed attempt at senior skip day and our eventual success; practically living in your car all year: our camping trip in the rain and all the inherent problems with taco seasoning whe you have a head cold; a wet tent and mud between our toes, and a dozen daisy chains; movie night at my house; your addiction to goodwill- which really should be dealt with; Kevin Grogg; our yearbook feild trip and that bloodthirsty duck; that cute little cafe in Fried Green Tomatoes- we'll have one some day; caring enough to spend a whole day in dress shops with me before prom; a baby frog named Hercules to get me through college without you; holding your hand while you got your bamboo tatoo (remember the virgo ones

we're getting on my birthday!); Our first trip to OMSI, and the bum you wouldn't give money to; sitting in the park eating jellie bellies and talking about college; Talking about college and graduation every spare moment we've had all year; the kissing bet we made (even though we both chickened out); Operation Blueberry, and the icy rain that we had to drive home in; Crossing that line and actually becoming stalkers last year, and the maze of hallways in Beaverton High school; A future of making Christmas gifts for all of our friends (gourmet oils next year?); our superbowl party; the dinner party last year that I'm sure you're still annoyed at me for; sharing your date with me on prom; getting our nails done together (everything is much improved!); Peach ginger incense; "Donald," god I'm so glad I wasn't there that day!; My memories of you in spanish class freshman year, and the friendship I never imagined; the "beginning" of it all in Mr Lui's class; and all my love, for being the greatest best friend anyone could ask for.

To Scott Johnson, I leave: Never passing up a chance to make a comment on my clothes, or lack thereof; Going to U of O together; Trying to stay awake in psychology class; Falling asleep in your car every time I'm in it; Camping with e and Amy, and a game of truth or dare; Face painting 1,000 little kids and the incredible similarities between the Sylvania and Rock Creek campuses of PCC; Driving to Hagg Lake instead of washing cars for prom all day; A prom king crown; successfully embarrassing me the night of the Halloween dance; girl talk at lunch every day; and my phone number in college so you can stay one of my bestest friends.

To Lindsey Wilhelm, I leave: My first New Years Eve that didn't totally suck; our barefoot lunches; our truly unique underwear theory, may we always be blessed with a pair that matches every outfit; going to see cheerleading chick flicks together; exploring creepy, haunted (?) parking garages on Burnside in the dead of the night; your very own pair of those red sandals of mine; a date with bible boy; camping in the san juans and spending the whole summer being naked hippies in hot springs and sunbathing on the beach; being astrologically and emotionally in sync with me all the time (can you feel my butterflies right now?)

To Katie Osborn, I leave,: To my favorite freshman ever, my motherly love; a lifetime of Christmas gifts; an open invitation and key to my dorm room to come see me any time at all; A student store that's always clean and colorful and never crowded; My thanks for the use of every 60's cd you owned my sophomore year; and the calender I lost during that project- I'm so sorry! William Zurn; Wasting in immeasurable amount of time watching movies on your bed after school; a road trip to Arizona this summer; A paper on Bluegrass music; The promise that I get to be your maid of honor when you marry your Superman from Shari's; spending every possible 6th period class in the student store- our own private therapy sessions; the picture you promised to paint for my dorm room.

To Erin Brown, I leave; Cute matching fleece glove and scarf sets from Old Navy (everyone should really have at least one); lunches in the sun; Dumb boys; laying on the waterfront and eating pizza with Scott; the hope that someday Prince Charming will ride up on a white horse and rescue us; and that adorable smiling face I looked forward to seeing every day in Kaad's class.

To William Zurn, I leave: To the most adorable, sweetest boy at CE: Those beautiful Piscean eyes of yours; every dollar you've ever "borrowed" from me- consider them gifts; and the wish that you were just a little older so I could keep you for myself.

To Stella Kasyn, I leave: Every bit of "motherly" advice I've ever given you; Running a red light on community service day and getting lost in Portland and ending up at the airport; and of course, all my love from being the cutest freshman I've ever had.

To John Dougherty, I leave: the mortal fear of being chased into a subdivision by a crazed duck; Hiking up to the fire tower on our yearbook field trip; and knowing that you're one of my best high school memories.

To Jennifer Kennemer, I leave: A memory of one of the very best friendships I've ever had; Two years of long talks and musings about life and our futures; and the wee-jee board that we know worked that night; All the luck in the world to follow your dreams in life (and my thanks for seeing me through one of the worst relationships I've ever been in- you know the one).

To Hannah McLain, I leave: Never ceasing to amaze me with your down-to-earth personality and the friendship we had freshman year, I miss it.

To Stephanie Scelza, I leave: Estrogen-enriched psychology classes; playing

pool at your house; shopping at Old Navy on senior skip day; being official shopping buddies, and the knowledge that you are by far one of the sweetest kindest people I know and absolutely worthy of all of the admiration I have for you.

To Paul McCollum, I leave: The ability to be completely blind to someone's absolute admiration of you; doing freshman assignments in debate class; every ditzy moment I've ever had- that you always seem to be present for; and all my best wishes for life beyond high school, I'm sure you'll do something great.

To Randy Gerheart, I leave: My utmost admiration- for letting me put a collar on you that one night; always having the sexiest yearbook picture, by far; freezing out butts off on that horrible trip we took to the falls; my best prom night ever; and the goodnight kiss that we never had.

To Lauren Asay (my darling grumpy bear), I leave: A pair of brand new black converse; bumper chairs in the mirrored ladies' lounge; the ability to get lost in an elevator; a moustrap car named Quacker; a darkroom that's always clean; our own line of "fun-derwer", especially the pair with the live goldfish, and the prototype I gave you for Christmas; my phone number- to give to your boyfriend! (kidding dear.); a cd of irish drinking songs; princess jewelry for every birthday; lots of bubbles; eating lunch in the best spot (most times the cold-est...) in school for two years; and the beach trip we never took.

To Karly VanRaden, I leave: That failed Sophie's World study session at Red Robin's junior year; my debt to you for all those rides home; playing truth in the hot tub on Valentine's day; three wonderful years in front of the heater by yambo's room; our lunch spot; the road trip to new orleans we never went on.. To Carolyn Lembke, I leave: Playing cards on Super Bowl sunday at Amy's house; That spirited game of oranges we played in her kitchen; putting up with scott and amy's preschool moods with me; I'll miss you next year.

To Maxine Hamilton, I leave: The cutest Australian accent ever (oh right, I said I wasn't going to leave you anything Australian, didn't I? oops..) and the best fashion sense in your whole class, you look cute every day!

To Adam Taylor, I leave: Katie Osborn- Take good care of her for me next year, ad if you're real nice maybe she'll share some of the school with you next year; a fleeting crush that ended; and a little bit of humilty to humble that darling ego of yours.

To Devon Downey-Smith, I leave: The joy of running next year's Holiday Sharing; Outdoor School Training and all the fn we had in your cute little car afterward... our cute waiter at Red Robin; Analyzing those crazy dreams you had about John; Waiting in the microwave line; listening to vegan propaganda; every girly sleepover we've ever had, or haven't had yet; eating lunch together every day at the "Senior" table; The strong belief that our first time will be our best; and all the luck in the world for the rest of high school- you'll have a time.

To Deanna Johnson, I leave: My deepest thanks for battling the scanner and that huge pile of unidentified photos with me this year; your homemade lip balm (which I love!)

To Hugh Newell, I leave: Staying up until 4 am with me just because I wanted to; my new found knowledge of your unexpected promiscuity; our day in the park together, being incredibly fickle; and a guide book to understand the femal species- there is a rhyme and reason for what we do.

To Matt Bunza, I leave: a smile in the hallway...

To Loren Williams, I leave: One phone conversation that was really fun.

To Sean Letson, I leave: Being the cutest sophomore ever, Baja Fresh setting up for prom, sitting i your car letting me bitch about prom for hours; and those adorable theme outfits you and Paige wear- I'll remember those forever!

To Angie, I leave: Baja Fresh, and the cute cousin you offered me for prom.

To Cecile Mathews, I leave: The knowledge that I consider you one of the very coolest kids in school!

To Megan King, I leave: the coolest initials (M.L.K.) in the world.

To Katie Frantz, I leave: being in that horrible water group together in IT; Kaad's ohana; and my very best wishes for a wonderful life.

To Corey, I leave: the perfect jeans and t-shirt girl- one who wear lots of glitter; The hiking club camping trip and the ride home that was filled with enlightening conversation and every 80's tape that exists; Your amazing matchmaking abilitis- he's great! and knowing that I never have anyone greet me in the morning with "Weren't you tardy yesterday? Then I guess you're Re-tardy," I might actually miss it..."

To Penny Tateoka, I leave: The Earth Goddesses Club; your meditation room;



all the good energy in the world; cooking over the fire at Camp Mosquito; all those times you sat and listened to my problems; the knowledge that you truly have made an impact on my life that I'll never forget.

To Penny's ohana, I leave: My apologies for my procrastination on your pizza party and my thanks for all your patience.

To Bruce Kaad, I leave; all my love, you're the best Ohana teacher anyone could ever ask for.

To Yambo, I leave: All the fun I never thought I would have in your class this year, and your buddhas.

To everyone I left out, I leave: My thanks for being part of my memories in high school and the hope that the spirit of CE might live on in some of you.

I, Laura McNulty, being of mind and body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts & Communications High School:

To Maxine, I leave: a really hot guy!

To Katie, I leave: the best guitar ever!

To Tabbatha, I leave: my friendship, to one of the funniest girls I've ever met.

To Lorena, I leave: L and L forever, blue stuff, my brothers, and good times.

To Jessica L., I leave: Paul Walker, and unbroken potato chips.

To Mike, I leave: Katie Franz and bagels.

To Jason, I leave: jazz pants, fingernail clippers.

To Ashley, I leave: Buffalo Exchange, hair dye, and a diamond stud for your nose.

To Jenny, I leave hair extensions, make up and clothes.

I, Ashley Rae McGinnis, being of sporadic mind and scrupulous body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:

To: Ang, I leave sunshine and blue skies...and...a big polar bear of your very own.

To: Deb, I leave Rocky Horror Picture Show.

To: Panda, I leave an Irish pub filled w/ leprachans and good looking Irish guys.

To: TJ, I leave more time to ponder whatever it is you think about while you sit in the halls.

To: Stella, I leave my left thumb.

To: Melody, I leave my hair and your very own gremlin.

To: Marian, I leave a space on the counter in Davids room.

I Jessica Medak, Being of cynical mind and Tired body, Hearby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communication High School.

To: Adam I leave memories, a hug, and all the cute girls in the world.

To: Gina, I leave Poe, t.j. max, and our driving song (you know the one).

To: Cory, I leave anything but my soul.

To: Fernando, I leave all the illegal things you could wish for.

To: Steve I leave free haircuts for life!!

I, Gina Milhauser, being of vexed mind and languid body, hereby bequeath the following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts & Communications High School:

To: Spencer, I leave my spare kidney and the power to will things out of existence.

To: Hugh, I leave intelligent conversations about religion and the wisdom only sticking your head beneath the water may bring.

To: Melody, I leave vampire novels and bad haircuts.

To: Adam, I leave shoe pyramids in 4th period; lawn gnomes; and all my love while I'm away.

To: Jezzika, I leave Klamath Falls; Saturday nights; parking lots; and the gratitude of a kindred spirit in a foreign world.

To: Garrett, I leave the merciless slaughter of Mac O.S.

To: Corey, I leave the Mortal Kombat Trilogy.

To: Paul & Randy, I leave my strategic affection & hopes of success wherever they may go.

To: Yambo, I leave Buddah statues; 8th graders; and my thanks for inspiring me to pay attention to my surroundings.

To: Kaad, I leave the promise that I will always think for myself (as if he

would ever doubt it).

To: Ian, I leave Tool and Led Zeppelin, in vain hopes that he will stop listening to that icky techno.

To: Omari, I leave many years of happiness & success.

To: Nathan Lucas, I leave an apology for my bad moods and a thank you for everything he's taught me.

To: Brad, I leave copious amounts of enthusiasm and engaging "Ohana talks."

To: Hannah, I leave Dawn comics and men who look better than women in dresses.

To: Vince, I leave frequently foiled attempts to take a candid photograph.

To: anyone I've missed, I leave a heartfelt goodbye and hopes for an exceptionally good life.

I, Amy Romaine, being of mind and body, hereby bequeath to my successors at Arts and Communications:

Megan Kindree: Mr. Liu's seating chart. Yearbook mugs, all of them, organized, scanned and labeled CORRECTLY. Camping. Glitter. Your own beach to walk on bare foot whenever you want. The biggest bestest kitchen ever, with everything that you could ever want. Mister Right, yours is out there. A grass hut with a waterfall. Mother glow. Operation Blueberry. iFind a CD . . . ooo, that's a good one. Always being able to follow me in thought . . . how did you do it? Winter Formal night . . . AFTER the dance. Being 40, but still in middle school. Dinner parties. That tiny little table. All the stuff we plan to do but never really do. My mother, hahaha! Moose, Big Poppa, and camp speak; you've almost got it down. Colleges, SAT's, and whatever. Virgo. Crushes and men. Being crafty. The darkroom. National Lampoon's Senior Trip, that's so our movie. Prom prep week. A sweater for my house. Coming late. How little can I do? Everyday after school, except for Wednesdays. Only liking the song that you can sing along with. Donald, be thankful you were sick. The ability to be the one of the best friends ever, knowing when you are needed and when to back off. Thank you. Senior year, without you it wouldn't have been possible.

The next four years, whatever happens to us, we'll find a way to make it work. Katie Osborn: Arnold AND Ginger, they come as a package. The Jeep, with stereo and key chain. Your brand new pair of rollers skates and my brand new key. The tumor. Burger King, McDonald's, Taco Bell, Wendy's . . . "I don't really . . . well, okay." Red Robin stew. All the movies in the world. The first Yambo Response. Wrestling in the Willamette or Columbia, whichever. Being a screamer. Butt punches. All the money I owe the student store, hee hee. Subway sandwiches and park conversations. PIZZA!! Jen and Adam. A plastic garage and paint. Teaching me guitar, you learned your lesson. Thomas Crown Affair. Late yearbook nights. Prom posters. "Job? What's that? Can't I just borrow some money?" Early mornings at Willow Creek. Booty dance with Daniel. The perfect DJ. You are so wonderful sweetheart! You brighten my day, seriously. Much love.

Scott Johnson: Nice soft ski gloves. Bratwursts. Newport Bay. The biggest fire in the whole camp. Cheese dip. Super Bowl . . . who won? Farts, burps and any other gross body sounds. An hour, three garbage bags and your room. UO. Car wash Junior year. Parmesan cheese fights. Acting like children. Winter formal dinner, sorry we were late. Fish tailing. CO-Dance committee head, right. Our week fight. Chicken fried steak days. I knew you weren't going to get your tattoo. You never cleaned my back window. Baby showers.

John Dougherty: Parks. Marriage licenses. Picking up Savant. 5th period. My superficial music, you know you love it. Always listening to anything I have to say, even if it's really dumb. Cemeteries. Starbucks. Chopping veggies and cooking dinner. Intensive Care parties. Whatever it was that you talked about at Stephanie's house. I know you didn't do anything to my dry erase board. Always making things complicated. Hopefully we'll stay more than Christmas card friends.

Lindsey Wilhelm: Golf carts. 30's hats. Cabana men, take care of them. Roses. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and Sobe. Pass! SUV's that don't suck. Money is everything. Christmas gift giving. Being able to find our way in Portland. That guy New Year's Eve night. Tom's Pancake House. Prom Queen. Sing-a-longs. Purple glow skin, live the dream.

Devon Downeysmith: Super Nintendo and Charlie's Angels. Robin Hill, flag football and cheating. A certain someone who is mean and icky. Smiles. School dedication. Gap and Old Navy. Little dogs. Sitting in the car at Ape Caves. Eating lunch with the seniors, so cool. Heart, everyone should know who they

are! (and the band)

Denise Juhnke: Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Milner, Steve, Erin, and Sally. Late night visitors, Linda Onteveros, 16 hours. The Subaru. Whitney Huston. Fake tripping and running into poles, it'll never get old. SNL. BEFORE we had cars. Straight hair. A disposable pen. Mashed potatoes and instant hash browns. Red Robins. Fake nails, every other week.

Stephanie Scelza: My invisible watch. A nice centerpiece of preserved balls. It's okay to steal. A bottle of drinkable shampoo, the kind that doesn't sting. Shari's. God we are funny! Scott's room. Poisonwood Bible, it's getting good now.

Tabbatha King: Lunch baseball. That red suit with the huge purple shoes.

Camp letters. Crackers. Valentine's Day. Shopping at Beaverton Mall. 3B.

Becca's house. Little crocodiles and fire breathing dragons.

Erin Brown: Girl Scout cookies. Subway sandwiches. Sean Vickers. E-tard, that's a funny word. Elvis. Fun hair styles.

Karly VanRaden: Playing cards, taped SNL, and 9th grade lunches. Spin the bottle. Getting lost after prom. Leonardo DiCaprio and Titanic. Metal cranes.

Effigy pictures, thanks for the help. Being mean, it's great!

Laura McNulty: Those drinks you make, magic! Annunciation. Italian sodas.

Thank you so much for doing my hair for prom I really did like it.

Carolyn Lembke: I think you had the worst cards that day, not me. Ape Caves. Teasing Scott when he's not paying attention.

Deanna Johnson: Three blades of grass, a glass of water, and an insect farm. That's all you need to survive. Amazing. A scanner, photos, and 6th period class. Thanks for all your help on yearbook.

Sean Letson: Baja Fresh conversations and Ford Explorers. I am so jealous.

Adam Taylor: Good smells. West Linn isn't that bad. Savant, have fun next year!

Noel Gurrola: Don't worry about next year, you'll have fun!

Dance Committee Members: Thanks for putting up with my scatter brain when it comes to decorating the dances, including prom! Thank you some much for your help and good luck next year.

I, Terry Six, being of withdrawn mind and fluid body, hereby bequeath the following items from my Senior estate to successors at Arts & Communists High School.

To: John "Big Red" Dougherty, I leave the first day of High School throughout the last day of High School, and still rippin' up the charts. I also leave The Dolomites and the Whiskey Jig, jammin on the banjos and mandolins you've obtained, every St. Patrick's Day, The Republic of Ireland, my deed to the Guinness factory, Friday's at Paul's Tobacco after school, McMeniman's, endless discussions of endless topics we always agreed on, the Santiam, the note left for me and Scott the last day of Freshman year, the parties, the women, the excess, Roses On Ice, two counts of being Ohana mates, "Mr. Business" and "Mr. Love" and the rest of the Midnight Intruders family, Big Macs, Math with Aleta, Creative Writing (the first time), Djarum, and the other Mac's which has fueled many of productive nights. This ain't the end brother. You can bet your ass on that.

To: Scott, I leave Goldeneye tournaments (which I always won mind you) and my brother's Rumble Pack, Diadon's house along with that autographed glossy of Tomahawk, The C.H.U.D.S, the time when my brother stranded us at Manuel's and had to bus it back to my house with no money, horror films, red meat, "bad chickens," Steak nights, the fender bender on your birthday, microwaveable chimichangas, Macheezmo Mouse, sharp objects, Jack, that one night when we lost our minds outside my house and beat each other up, that Asian guy who walked up to you, me, and Donny with a red dog. . . Black Sabbath, AC/DC, but no Slash, Motorhead, Gun's and Roses, other metal and punk alike, Centerville, College Night at Ardy's, Paul's Tobacco as well, The Joey Ramone Party at Ardy's, the one year of Ohana we had with each other, Creative Writing, a two foot closet with Crystal inside it, every other night we had at Ardy's, and a simple good luck to you and your music career. It'll be a rough one kid, but I can't say that I won't put up a fight for being the next Lemmy. See you on the battlefield mate.

To: Matt, I leave baseball cards, a G.I. Joe battle that has yet to come, recording music i.e: Iguanas, EXPLODING HEARTS (by the way, welcome to the band), me, and me and you, my phaser pedal, no. . . wait, I think I want that back jerk! "No gift for you", Henry's, Indiana Jones, chain smoking, EM, the

80's, Cheap Trick, The Cars, stealing, car accidents, bad luck, Vaughn Weddiking, Fred Massar, "Glued to your T.V. set", the silverware you stole from my house, and the Daily Crosswords. I hate you so much you jerk!

To: Lauren, I leave long blonde hair and a red bandana, the hiking club trips, a big, juicy cheeseburger with a Coke and some greasy fries, Punk music (Headcoatees, Smugglers) and Jeremy tapes.

To: Hallie, I leave the hikes and the trip up there and back, Scategories: "Awhale" and Mexican Spice, and a naked picture of that D'Angelo guy that I scored from Ebay, just for you.

To: Stephanie, I leave something extra cool, when I think of it, I'll give it to you.

To: Anii, I leave rock talks, a pair of cop shades, my old leather jacket, and the knowledge that you were way too cool for this place.

To: Tanya, I leave my dexedrine pills and Bennett's overnight.

To: Denise, I leave Dexter St. Jock.

To: Laura, I leave \$200.00 and a hotel room at Plaza San Carlos (St. Charles Place) heh heh.

To: Paul, I leave a lifetime supply of tissue paper complete with a picture of Hallie, wealth, women, and impotence. You know you dug the glasses chief.

To: Randy, I leave guns.

To: Psycho-Mike-O, I leave the Spits, Crime, B.H.'s, Black Flag cuz you gotta rise above and don't let anybody tell you different. And I leave you Isaiah's Marshall because he still hasn't picked it up from me yet so you can just have it.

To: David Kimbro, I leave you the ladies and a killer punk tape to guide you through your troubles at this institution. Just gotta come and ask for it. And the next time I see you, you better be telling me about your latest band. Don't be wastin' your time around here if there's nothing in it for you. Find people, they're around.

To: Kevin, I leave all of my explosives, and my buttons after I die. You still cannot have my records though. Those are going to be burned in the furnace with me. Nobody gets those but me!

To: Fernando, I leave my old metal stuff from 7th grade, Sepultura, and I leave you my position as the leader of Team Volvo. Except you'll have to fight Katrina for it my man.

To: Brad, I leave computer graphics, Tim Leary and his teachings, Allen Ginsberg's Ten Things To do While Bored At School, the "Forest", and the destruction in the forest, Basketball, Scarface, Clockwork Orange, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Megadeth Behind the Music, and guitars, but only the sharp, pointy ones to stab anyone who opposes your ways. And remember, I kill communists for fun.

To: Vince, I leave you an I.D. to buy your own damn smokes!

To: Tabbatha K, I leave girl bands, bagels, ice cream, pussy cats, baseball, Scategories, and an endless amount of rides to the "Transient" Center.

To: Erica, I leave the Hell's Angels, Macheezmo Mouse, The Square, and Rat Tails.

To: O-Dog, I leave Popeyes Fried Chicken w/ a strawberry soda, and girls.

To: Jarod, I leave nothing, well maybe. . . no, never mind, I leave you nothing.

To: Orestes (Yannibal Lecture), I leave my "Don't Need No Education, Teacher Assassination" tape to kill some brain cells, King Louie and the Mummies would do you some good, that spare first class ticket to Cona I have lying around my room somewhere, a spare tire, my golf clubs, and your Slayer tape you left at my house. Via con dios amigo.

To: Bruce, I leave a smack upside the face with a foam tube, an early assignment and a late assignment because thats how I do things baby, and after I finish whacking you up, I'd like to leave you with a bear hug that will surely cripple you. Thanks for putting up with me, adios.

To: Nathan, I leave the paintbrush I was going to use to paint your house, some of my old 70's new wave records, but keep in mind, I will want them back ese, and a vacation to any place that has warm beaches and no computers. Good luck vato. I will keep in touch wit yas. Be sure to expect a 70's new wave and a 60's freakout beat tape comin' your way.

To: Penny, I leave the rights to the Nazari classic "The Gardener", Grant Howard singing a song dedicating his love for you in complete Spanish but will be wearing no pants, a restored version of my G.G. Allin Poster that you ripped up during a women's lib lecture, \$10.00 "Bones", a sincere apology for the oppression on behalf of my people to yours.



To: Corey Stone, I leave a long, running mullet, the Hiking Club memories, the Hot Tub Club, The Verandas, an endless number of "bodacious babes" that dig the Corn-Dog styles, G'n'R, its all about the Nightrain. Bottoms up brother.

To: all of the people who I have not talked to at this school I leave an honest apology that I did not get to know you all. You kids make this school a colorful place to come to everyday. Sorry I can't stick around to see what its like 2-3 years from now, but I'd like to hope that its still bucolic and in some ways, still a fiery Hell.

And last, and most certainly least, to Arts & Communists High, I leave a finger.

I, Karla VanRaden, being of sound mind and busy body, hereby bequeath he following items from my senior estate to my successors at Arts and Communications High School:

To: Megan, I leave trips to the beach; the heater by Yambo's room; I leave a guy for you!

To: Lauren, I leave our memorable beach trip; and notes in gum wrappers.

To: Cori, I leave all dragon figures and an endless supply of sharp pencils.

To: Angela, I leave a trip to the down under; a tattoo. To: Amy, I leave a deck of cards (you know the kind); undies on the stairs and in corners;

To: Julie Taylor, I leave cigarettes that cost under \$5 and money for tattoos.

To: Rachel, I leave my car so I don't have to drive you EVERYWHERE! and a man

To: Riad M. I leave free lifetime movie passes, and a pre-paid apartment in L.A. and a good working car; Tiffany Amber Theissen.

To: Karen, I leave endless tormenting about Ian; panties for trips to Hawaii; blank tapes for the X-files.

To: Everyone else, I leave nothing, because you're not important!

I, Lindsey Wilhelm, being of mind and body, hereby bequeth to my successors at Arts and Communications:

To Amy, I leave a crown for being Prom Queen

To Megan, I leave sunbathing at Hagg Lake and scary places at night....um yeah

To Scott, I leave our very short lived band, it was fun while it lasted.

To Ashley, I know your gone but I leave lo-fi, Joydrop, stokes, smokes and downtown

To Erin, I leave uh...boys are stupid - thas all there is to it, trips to Starbucks, peanut butter and jelly, and cute Starbucks boys.

To Katie, I leave the one and only Bearth (the Butchmobile), my suburban

To Maxine, I leave my jeep (sorry - Katie got the GMC)

To Steph, I leave ummm...feminism...I guess :)

To Shanyelle, I leave complaints about so-and-so (sorry for all those) and all the goodness in my heart (you deserve it)

To Marian, I leave anyone or anything you want in the world.

To everyone else, I leave the flowers of your choice, since I forgot you its only fair.

I, Loren Williams being of slightly above Greek mind and less hairy than the average Greek body hereby bequetg to: (in order by grade then first name...)

To John Dougherty, I leave a fighting Irish U of O T-shirt

To Katie Gee , I leave lucky charms

To Katie Seiler, I leave hair dye and a Marilyn Monroe

To Lauren Asay, I leave a legal change on name, possibly ' Beatrice'

To Lotus Feruson, I leave horse shoe chain mail

To Mary Fosse, I leave 10 minutes alone with Ronald McDonald

To Megan Kindree, I leave the entire 'Skipper' collection, complete with accessories and Barbie' corvette

To Paul McCollum, I leave mini me, to get the chicks, knee socks, a sewing badge, and your own scout troop

To Randy Gerhart, I leave a thong and a ticket to the opera

To Scott Johnson, I leave a glass eye and a tuning fork

To Jocelyn Lee, I leave spare closet, a vase, and a love as far beyond space and time as the four letters that will never describe what you me to me.

To Alyssa Lee, I leave a mechanical right arm for pitching

To Spencer Wilson, I leave a seat in the republican party  
To Julia Gammons, I leave the complete Pink Floyd collection  
To Deanna Johnson, I leave rocket powered fairie wings  
To Miko, I leave \$750

To Hugh Newell, I leave Peter Han

To Harry Fishberg, I leave channel 6, they can't afford to hire anyone but high schoolers

To Taylor McGerts, I leave Elton John's plastic jewelry

# See ya round!

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CEO & owner

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## How to keep your friends

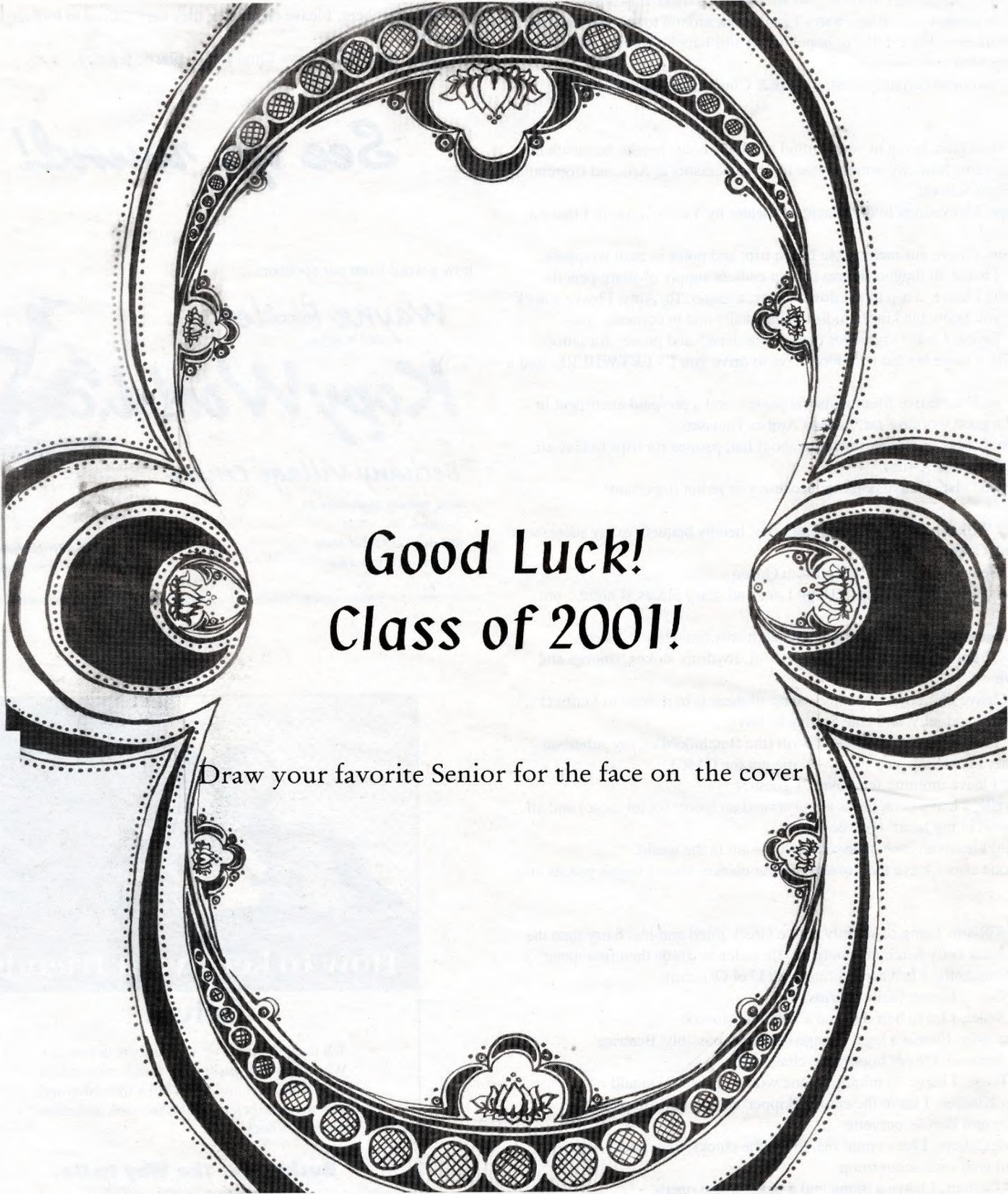
### (alive).

Tell them to buckle up when they're in your car. When unbelted passengers collide with others at 55 miles an hour, it can kill a friendship and a lot more. So before you hit the road, make sure everyone's buckled up.

**Buckle Up. The Way to Go.**

Transportation Safety — ODOT





# **Good Luck! Class of 2001!**

Draw your favorite Senior for the face on the cover